CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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AT ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS STANDS

William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto

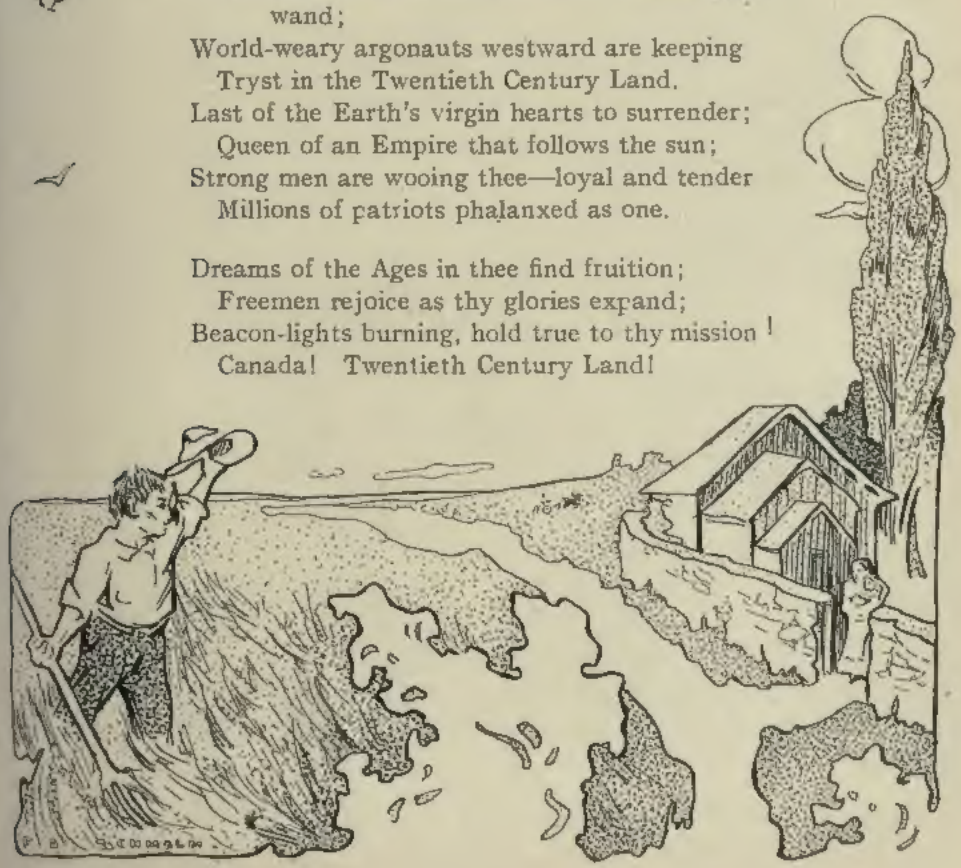
TWENTIETH CENTURY LAND

BY WILLIAM J. SHANKS

Out from the mists of Humanity's sorrows;
Out where the heralds of Destiny stand;
Rises the star of a world's To-morrows
Over the Twentieth Century Land.
Wind-swept of Heaven are the sentinel mountains;
Sun-kissed the prairies that melt into space;
Rivers and forest-girt lakes are the fountains
Brimming with pulse-beats for Industry's race.

Soil of a million suns! Seed-time and Reaping
Rouse thee from sleep with a Midas-tipped wand;
World-weary argonauts westward are keeping
Tryst in the Twentieth Century Land.
Last of the Earth's virgin hearts to surrender;
Queen of an Empire that follows the sun;
Strong men are wooing thee—loyal and tender
Millions of patriots phalanxed as one.

Dreams of the Ages in thee find fruition;
Freemen rejoice as thy glories expand;
Beacon-lights burning, hold true to thy mission!
Canada! Twentieth Century Land!



From a photograph Successful Canadian Players—see page 169

JULIA ARTHUR (MRS. B. P. CHENEY) AS "ROSALIND"

CANADA WEST

VOLUME VI. JULY NUMBER 3

THE WAR AGAINST WASTE

BY WILLIAM WHYTE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

THERE is a story of a king's prisoner in some medieval time, whose duration of life was left in his own hands by the terms of an ingenious sentence. In a wall of his cell was placed a water-spigot. The source and quantity of supply he was not permitted to know, but he was bidden use the water freely or sparingly, as he pleased. Only, when no more water came, he must die. The flow was so great that he was relieved of fear, and he sported with it riotously, until it became mild, then weak. Here returned the fear. He grew miserly of water. Every drop might mean an hour or a day. Then, though it was after many years, he dared not drink at all, and so died, choking, even before the trickle ceased. He had wasted his resources, and conservation came too late.

WILLIAM WHYTE

From Cape Breton to Virginia the original English settlers of America found themselves in a country of natural opulence so great, especially in timber, water and soil, that such an eventuality as exhaustion or even appreciable impairment never suggested itself. That was only three hundred and fifty years ago—and less. They came from a land where thrift and care had been taught by centuries of experience, but the old ways were soon forgotten, and never renewed. Until very lately, there was no uneasiness, no economy. On the contrary, a tremendous incoming swirl of humanity swept across the continent after the eighteen-sixties, carrying with it the same recklessness, the same waste, so that forests have faded, streams have at some seasons washed bare the lands and at others left them parching. Iron and coal have shrunken to a known supply sufficient at the present rate of use for not much more than another hundred years. Oil and gas fields once thought perpetual have died out; and in some of the older sections, the soil itself has

become sterile. We have sported with our resources until the end of them has begun to threaten, but we are more fortunate than the old king's prisoner in knowing what is left; and beyond that remainder, we know how we may bring back out of nature's eternal reservoir a restoration of original opulence to at least the most important of the things we had.

The conference held at Washington in February by the United States, Canada and Mexico was the first move toward what is hoped will be a world-wide system of conservation whereby may be preserved for each people the best it has for itself, and the most useful for others. The questions and policies involved are stronger than national boundary lines, since nature knows nothing about such things, and her stores and streams underlie or cross them in such a way as to require treatment in the mass and by the centralized best judgment of all the peoples. This first move is therefore of continental scope, and is concerned directly with things that lie at the very base of the daily individual life and sustenance of everyone living between the two great seas.

The commissions to which the work will be entrusted will do it well, undoubtedly, having their governments back of them in common, and all the skill of the world at their command. But back of the governments must be the force of the people, the power of public opinion and a clearly informed purpose. There cannot be too much publicity, too wide a diffusion of exact knowledge touching exact needs. No doubt this will be forthcoming. It is no part of my present intention to go into the matter as a propagandist at large, but there are some phases I wish to speak of in particular—not as a statistician nor a Jeremiah, but as one whose own life's work has brought him into contact with a few facts in nature that apply intimately to the well-being of his countrymen.

FOR DEPENDABLE WATER WE MUST HAVE WOODS

The governments will deal eventually with all resources of whatever kind, but there are two so closely related that they are practically one, and on that one rests more than on all the others. I mean timber-and-water.

Cement is coming to the relief of iron and steel. Newer methods of combustion are decreasing waste and realizing more fully the

FOREST SURVEY PARTY AT RIDING MOUNTAIN RESERVE, MANITOBA

heat contents of coal. With the precious metals we need not trouble, seeing that the arts and exchanges will care for them, and that they are precious principally because they are so cunningly hidden in the earth that their exhaustion is not imaginable. And the last hundred years have disclosed the operation of a law in economics through which, when art exhausts the supply of any natural thing of daily use, an abundant substitute presents itself. For example, fifty years ago, as whale oil and its illuminants were flickering out, petroleum came in and brought with it a troop of by-products such as never before had been heard of. Coal itself has had its ups and downs since it succeeded wood and peat, and has been forced to give up substitutes — secondary but preferable, as electric light and energy. It is too soon to say that a method will yet be found whereby art will parallel nature in gathering and directing that fluid, or element, or whatever it is, which somebody has explained as "a manifestation of an attribute of matter," and the rest of us know as "the current." But while it is too soon so say so, it would be indiscreet to say the contrary. So many "impossibilities" of a few years ago are the commonplaces of to-day that a man who says any new thing is impossible comes dangerously near to stating his own limitations. Many wise men, whose works have given

WESTERN CEDAR AND BLACK PINE. ROCKY MOUNTAIN PARK RESERVE, ALBERTA

weight to their words, openly hope for a primary control of electricity. When or if that comes, anxiety about the supply of coal and oil and natural gas may be dismissed.

And so with everything else but wood and water. Hewers of one and drawers of the other shall we remain until the end of time. Too much of both have we been, these latter days. The example of our neighbor to the south teaches us, if we be capable of learning, that we must hew less wood if we would still have water to draw, and that we must not draw it wastefully.

to do as yet more than initial harm. Here is where Canada may profitably stop and see what the big sister has done with her resources, and shape her own conduct in ways of righteousness, accordingly.

The timbered area of what are now Canada and the United States was originally about a billion and a quarter acres. Nearly four hundred and fifty million acres have been stripped, practically all within the last fifty years, mostly within the last thirty-five. The rate of destruction has been very swift. It must be checked.

FOREST RANGER INTERVIEWING CAMPERS, CYPRESS HILLS RESERVE, ALBERTA

That is the point: The United States has come to the edge of a period where distress is imminent, through utter improvidence, and the indulgence of private and corporate rapacity in dealing with the natural water supply and stripping the earth of trees. Canada, with less than a tenth of the population but a greater superficial area, has been gleefully toddling along on her own side of the fence, swinging her little axe and burning her little fires just like her big sister, but without the plentitude of numerical power

In the United States scientific forestry is practiced on seventy per cent. of the publicly owned forests, but on less than one per cent. of those privately owned. There are taken from the forests each year twenty-three billion *cube* feet, while the new growth is less than seven billion. Since 1870 not less than $50,000,000 and fifty human lives have been destroyed each year by forest fires. The methods of cutting and treatment are such that only 320 feet of timber are used out of every 1,000 feet that stood in the forest.

THE WESTERN PROVINCES ARE FERTILE BECAUSE OF THEIR MANY STREAMS

There are some three million private owners, over whom and whose methods practically no control is exercised.

The regions at the headwaters of great rivers, drainage-basins of first instance, have suffered most from wanton cutting. The affluents of the principal waterways furnished cheap and easy access to the timber-markets, and this, with their surrounding growths of splendid wood, invited the lumbermen. For a generation or two the axes rang, and the rivers were scummed with

IT IS ESTIMATED THAT 332,612 LINEAR FEET OF LOGS WERE CUT FROM THE RESERVES IN ONE PROVINCE ALONE LAST YEAR

SPRUCE TIMBER OF GREAT SLAVE RIVER. MAJOR JARVIS AND HIS MEN. IN THE TREES OF THIS REGION IS A NATIONAL ASSET OF THE HIGHEST IMPORTANCE

rich freights of logs, until the trees thinned out and the streams rebelled, rising in the spring when nothing held back the thawing snows, and in the summer either roaring over banks with sudden rains, or for lack of rain shrinking to runlets that any thirsty herd of cattle might drink in two. The soil of the upland, going off with the melting snows, began to wash away to the underlying rock and gravel, while the soil of the valleys and lowlands went out with the floods.

The disturbance of those natural arrangements which worked out to a seasonable equalization of water supply changed the face of the immediate basins of the Mississippi and the Ohio. No one will ever know the money measure of the havoc thus wrought, as against the personal gain to the so-called lumber kings who caused it. To check it, and insofar as may be to restore the old conditions, the United States has been obliged to come forward with the institution of a system of dams in the upper reaches of those rivers, to govern their flow throughout the year. Reforestation and afforestation, both slow processes, have begun, and in time the evil will be corrected, so far as human skill may go

These are but two of many instances that might be cited. The Maritime Provinces of Canada could furnish others, though none so glaring. But an indication of the tendency in Canada is furnished in the statement made by W. C. H. Grimmer, Surveyor General of New Brunswick, at the annual meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association, held in Toronto last February. Mr. Grimmer said then that timber limits in New Brunswick, which in 1898 were rated at $8 per mile, were sold in 1908 at $200 to $500 per mile.

Great Britain's Royal Commission on Coast Erosion last year made a survey of the timber resources of the world, more especially as bearing on the supply for the British market, which takes about £30,000,000 worth annually. The commission's investigation confirmed the belief already prevailing that the sources of supply hitherto depended upon were becoming exhausted, and found an explanation in "the reckless exploitation and the destruction of forests by fire and other agencies in the United States, Canada and Northern Europe, while the use of timber is constantly increasing," no substitute for wood having yet been found.

Northern Europe as referred to in that report must not be taken to include the German empire. That country, when first the Romans and then the Huns assailed it, was one vast forest. In the centuries of its history as separate states and principalities, it was almost denuded of trees. But through the far reaching wisdom of the governing body now directing it from Berlin, this has been changed. About one-fourth of Germany to-day is wooded; and under the best and most practicable set of forestry laws on the books of any country, forestation is not being fostered, but enforced. The interior supply is far short of the demand, and probably will be, always. But no tree comes down without another being planted, and the growths along the watersheds and courses are so cared for that already the natural waterways are coming into restoration. The great estates of that empire are not permitted to be dealt with for private purposes to the detriment of public weal—a point in which England might see a little light

Germany, moreover, though in that behalf Canada was first, has had an eye to the development of artificial waterways. One may travel across nearly all the states of the empire by motor boat, on rivers and commercial canals. Canada has nothing to learn from any other country about that, but rather, considering population, something to teach. The United States has been taking this to heart, and is contemplating new enterprises, one of which will tap the great lakes at Chicago and furnish water-transportation through to the Mexican gulf

It is not in this article that I will broach the question of joint action with the United States in maintaining the level of those lakes, nor of governing international streams that furnish power. Whatever that question may involve will come within the purview of the conservation body itself. My present wish is to show and emphasize the necessity for taking a course completely opposite to that followed in the United States at and after a stage of development such as our own is at present. In this, it is by no means required that we await any initiative outside ourselves.

Canada has made a beginning. The eastern provinces may have much to repair. The western have much to build up. And the West has not been idle, though perhaps the provinces have been willing to lean upon

the Dominion government for a good deal that they might have done or be doing for themselves.

The great forests of Canada are northeast and northwest of Ontario, and on the eastern slopes of the Rockies. To the west of Hudson Bay and up to the Arctic shore are wide sweeps of land now wooded, and others, boggy or otherwise unattractive to agriculture, where afforestation now would provide enormous wealth in the future.

The Dominion forest reserves all lie in the northwestern provinces. There are twenty-six of them, including parks where timber is managed the same as in the reserves proper, but excluding the eastern slopes of the Rockies, though the same management is followed there also. The work of creating reserves is still in progress. Last year the region around Watertown lake in southern Alberta was examined for this purpose, and a recommendation was made that 195 square miles be set aside. Recommendations have also been made that 130 square miles be added to the Spruce Woods reserve in Manitoba, 238½ square miles to the Pines reserve in Saskatchewan, 45 square miles to the Beaver Hills reserve in Saskatchewan, and 192 square miles to the Cypress Hills reserve in Alberta.

Aside from the Dominion reserves in the west, there are important provincial reserves in Quebec and Ontario, of comparatively ancient origin. The Ontario government has several such, and a new one, covering a million acres in the Rainy River valley, was set aside this year. In Quebec, the Algonquin Park reserve has 1,280,000 acres —two thousand square miles, an enormous territory. It may not be amiss to say that the recently created Hunters' Island reserve, in declaring which the province of Ontario and the state of Minnesota joined, was brought about largely through the efforts of a Canadian railway official, Mr. Arthur Hawkes.

On the extreme west of the country, in British Columbia, the forests need to be looked after, and the present water law requires change. A correction of the unused records is necessary. Many of the streams are greatly over-recorded. An overhauling of the whole system seems to be called for, beginning with this feature. There are questions of the right to store water for later use, and of how much the government should or can do in extending irrigation works. The acre-foot measurement should be substituted for the miner's inch, and the duty water shall perform should be specifically defined. Title to the water itself being vested in the crown, the extent to which private enterprise may go ought to be settled. British Columbia is vitally interested in the care of its water supply, since irrigation has come to play so large a part there, and this means care for the timber on the mountain slopes and at all heads of streams. The irrigation conventions held in that province have taken these matters up and should have the ear of the provincial legislatures. In this the United States has direct interest, since both the Kootenay and the Columbia rivers take their rise in British Columbia, so that the cutting of the forests in country tributary to them would have an injurious effect on the rainfall and the volume of water not only in Canada, but in the States.

The western provinces thus far have fairly well conserved their timber and therefore their water resources, but energy is needed in two directions—the planting of trees on farms and along highways, and rigorous regulations for the prevention of fires. The railways especially should be obliged to institute a system of forest ranging, and means of communication by wire or 'phone throughout all wooded regions traversed by their tracks. Then again, the same general rule as to seasons of comparative safety and danger from fires are now made applicable all over the Dominion. In this aspect, at least, the existing system needs revision. The greater danger lies in the western provinces, where population is more thinly distributed, railways farther apart, telephone service not so complete, rainfall less and not so frequent, and the winds not only drier (in fact they are dry) but of about double average velocity.

Between Ontario and British Columbia the whole west of Canada is forestable. The eastern provinces, as noted, are stirring to repair their losses and withhold the axe. His Excellency Earl Grey has put his hand to the work, and gone into co-operation with the Forestry Association and the Department of Agriculture. At the Toronto Convention referred to, his lordship urged the seriousness of the case upon the attention of the whole people, and was not unmindful of the western plains.

Not so long ago, the people of Manitoba

were told they could grow no trees except the Manitoba maple, the poplar and the birch. Look at our elms to-day. Broadway in Winnipeg is one of the most beautiful streets in the world, and the elms have made it so. The foliage has become so thick that the trees themselves will have to be thinned out. Of all the elms planted in Winnipeg, the records do not show that one per cent. has died

For several years officials of the Canadian Pacific railway have co-operated with the Forestry Department of the government in the work of planting trees in the prairie country, at the same time doing their utmost to demonstrate to farmers generally the simple proposition that trees on their farms will draw moisture while serving as a protection against wind, snow and hail. If I were Minister of the Interior, I would require every homesteader, on receipt of title to government land, to plant trees on his farm, and I would undertake to show him that the purposes were not only utilitarian, but that in breaking the monotony of the prairie view, the trees would serve to beautify his home.

We railway men are not altogether unselfish in our anxiety to protect the forests of Canada. These forests protect our interests. If our railway building in the mountains is to be safeguarded, we must require the preservation of the trees. On the other hand, the wheat growers on the prairies have also a selfish interest, which fact they will recognize if they are wise. The prairie provinces are fertile because of the mountain streams. Take away the trees at the headwaters, and the streams are gone. When the Cypress Hills were stripped of timber, the railway was the first to suffer in the loss of its bridges, which were swept away in the sudden rise of the rivers.

For settled conditions at their best, water is a first necessary thing. For dependable water we must have woods. The city of New York has recently expended $150,000,000 in the construction of works to ensure a water supply. Without state protection to the forests of the Catskill mountains, whence the supply is drawn, that money would be wasted, and New York be left arid. I think this case is clearly to the point.

"The sole source of water is the rain," says Dr. McGee, Secretary of the Dominion Inland Waterways Commission, "and on one-sixth of this (in the final analysis) depends the habitability and productivity of the country." Each adult man, according to this same competent authority, takes into his system at least one ton of water in the course of a year, and each bushel of grain requires in its making from fifteen to twenty tons of water. Now, without trees to protect and disburse this water, all of which in one form or another comes from the sky, what would be the possibility of life animal or vegetable in any part of the world that by our standards may be adjudged enlightened? Here then is one of our very first concerns as a people in possession of a country still new: to preserve the forests, to spread tree-growth over the plains, to protect the streams. Let us join hands earnestly and heartily with the two other countries sharing with us this most favored of all the continents in conserving all its natural resources, but most of all, the woods and waters. And let us first of all be assiduous in setting and keeping our own house in order.

A WOMAN'S LOVE

BY S. E. KISER

I LIKE the maid who gives me cause to smile,
I love the child that gives me little care;
Men praise the ones who keep them laughing while
They bend beneath the burdens they must bear,
But woman—ah, God bless her!—
Her love is true and deep
For the child that brings her sorrow
And the man who makes her weep.

SLAVES OF THE WIRE

BY J. A. McNEIL

TIME was when a confiding and unsophisticated public, and more especially the dwellers in rural regions, accepted with implicit faith any and every statement which appeared in the press. To clinch an argument it was only necessary to say, "I saw it in the paper," and it was a brave opponent indeed who would stand out against such a convincing assertion. Now a new generation has arisen and a portion of mankind has gone to the other extreme. It is not uncommon to meet men who openly avow that they disbelieve on principle everything that appears in a newspaper, and particularly so if they are referring to a specific journal which is an upholder of political tenets which differ from their own, or if it is otherwise at variance with their views. The great mass of newspaper readers will probably be found to occupy a middle ground between these two extremes, and the average citizen contents himself with an occasional grumble at what seems to him to be either inaccuracy or misrepresentation in the purveying of the news of the day or the diffusion of current opinion by his favorite newspaper.

The man who proclaims himself a skeptic regarding the reliability of published news reports, has, it may be admitted at the outset, a certain element of justification. One day he reads an account of a public event, a crime, an accident, or some other happening. Next day he learns, perhaps from the same newspaper, that the thing either never happened at all or that it occurred under such altered circumstances as to put a totally different face upon it. The reader who is constantly confronted by these experiences can hardly be blamed if he follows the example of the Psalmist and says in his haste that all men are liars, especially newspaper men.

If the man in the street had a clearer knowledge of the difficulties attending the collection and publication of the news of the day, he would probably revise many of his opinions. It is a common axiom that the average subscriber believes himself capable of running a newspaper much better than the editor who performs that task. If given an opportunity to put his theories into practice, the inexperienced would-be journalist would immediately find himself at sea, owing to his ignorance of the various channels through which news is gathered. He would learn that the real makers of news are the common people who say and do and think and encounter the multitudinous things that make up the daily life of humanity. Journalism is an endless chain of many links, each depending on the strength of the other for the efficiency of the whole. Modern psychology holds that no two minds receive exactly the same impression from any given occurrence, no matter how simple, and judges and lawyers know how widely the testimony of honest men may vary regarding events of which they were eye-witnesses or in which they participated. The editor has to trust a great deal to the accuracy, the industry and the judgment of his reporters and his correspondents, while they in turn must glean their facts either from personal observation or from the statements of others who have not even the advantage of long training in recording their mental impressions. Under these conditions, it is not surprising that errors are inevitable in the hurried chronicling of the daily round. The endless chain is completed by the giving to the public of these accounts of the world's happenings which insensibly influence to a greater or less extent the actions, the thoughts and the beliefs of the reader.

The news matter printed by a daily paper falls naturally into two classifications. One covers local news, which is gathered by a staff of reporters under the direction of the city editor. The other consists of all reports from the outside world, which are received by wire and handled by the telegraph editor and his assistants. It is the purpose of this article to make clear to the casual reader some of the difficulties which beset the telegraph editor in his work of preparing for the press the hundreds of

despatches which come to his desk from all over the globe

In doing so, it will be necessary to explain the system by which the newspapers of the United States and Canada receive a major portion of their telegraphic news. Most readers know that the leading journals of the big cities, in addition to taking advantage of the syndicated news services here described, have their own correspondents in the larger centres, while for the reporting of important happenings special staff writers are sent out from the office of publication to all parts of the country. Outside the score or two newspapers which come within the category of metropolitan dailies, and whose names are known all over the continent, there are published in the cities of the second, third and fourth magnitudes many hundreds of newspapers which serve a purely local field that the press of the great cities cannot reach, and the newspapers of this class are the ones which rely most on the news-gathering system spoken of in this article.

A large proportion of them are members of and subscribers to the organization known as the Associated Press, which has headquarters in New York and a number of branch offices located in various large centres throughout the United States. In the collecting and distributing of news, these branches serve much the same purpose as do the clearing houses which are so important a feature in the transaction of business between the banks of a large city. They are clearing houses for news. To paraphrase Lincoln's words in his Gettysburg address, the Associated Press is a news service of the newspapers, by the newspapers, for the newspapers.

Thus a Rochester journal which receives its telegraphic news from the branch at Buffalo will in turn transmit to that branch a report of any important events in its own city or the immediate vicinity. This report will be sent out by the Buffalo office to the other newspapers on its list and also to the other branches all over the Republic. The farther the item goes from its point of origin the less is its news value, so a distant branch will greatly condense it before supplying it to subscribing papers or will perhaps "kill" it. Take for instance an occurrence of a few months ago in Brooklyn, when an explosion in a sewer trench caused the death of the workmen and a number of school children who were passing. They were buried in debris and either cremated by the flames from the broken gas mains or drowned by a flood from the bursted water pipes. To the newspapers of the eastern States outside of New York City itself, this accident would be worth one or two columns of matter but in the remoter cities in California or Texas, the newspapers would accord it only a quarter or half column, reserving their space for home subjects more interesting to their readers. Those newspapers of the United States and Canada which are not members of the Associated Press receive their news from other organizations conducted on similar lines. Many of the big city dailies also conduct bureaus for selling to other and smaller newspapers a portion of the matter gathered through the agency of their special facilities.

With characteristic enterprise and determination to have the best, the daily newspapers of Manitoba and her sister provinces of the West organized an exclusive news service of their own several years ago. They had long labored under the disadvantage of paying heavy telegraph tolls for an abbreviated service from the sources which supply the newspapers of eastern Canada. A convention was held and after a full and frank discussion of the conditions, the Western Associated Press was established at Winnipeg under the superintendence of Mr Frederic Livesay, a capable and experienced journalist. The "W. A. P.," to give it the title bestowed by the brevity-loving craft, has a leased wire world service direct from New York to Winnipeg, while the Canadian news is gathered by special correspondents in the important eastern and western Canadian cities. A representative is stationed at Ottawa to supply parliamentary and governmental news and the Canadian Associated Press service, which is subsidized by the Dominion government, is also drawn upon for English intelligence of particular moment to Canadians. Leading newspaper men who have had the opportunity for effective comparison have agreed that the Western Associated Press is the only news service in Canada worthy of the name

The covering of conventions, celebrations, expositions or other prearranged events is a comparatively simple matter for the news-gatherers. It is the unforeseen disaster or

crime that puts them upon their mettle in the effort to give to a waiting world the fullest and most accurate story obtainable. The San Francisco earthquake, the assassination of President McKinley, the collapse of the Quebec Bridge, the Baltimore fire,—these are the occasions that task the resources of the news services, and from the frenzied haste with which the work is performed, the consternation which pervades the scene of such occurrences, and the numberless difficulties which confront the newspaper men under such circumstances, it is at these times that despatches are most prolific of erroneous statement and most troublesome to the telegraph editor.

A case in point is furnished by the San Francisco earthquake and the resulting fire which in April of 1906 wrought such fearful havoc in the city of the Golden Gate. The catastrophe occurred just at dawn on April 18, the hour being 5.11 or, allowing for the difference in time, 8.11 on the eastern slope of the continent. Nearly two hours later, or a few minutes after ten o'clock, into the newspaper offices of the East came the brief and for a time incredible statement: "San Francisco was destroyed by earthquake this morning." This message was what is known as a "flash" bulletin, a despatch giving the first news of big events in the shortest possible form, and taking precedence on the wires over all other press messages in transit. This "flash" which had been sent out from the New York office of the Associated Press immediately upon receipt of the first word from Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco, was the first of some sixty despatches placed upon the desk of telegraph editors of the evening papers between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m on that momentous day. In length they ranged from a few words or a few lines to connected descriptions containing five hundred to one thousand words. The second and third messages were dated from Chicago and the fourth was a statement given out by an official of a big railway system at Kansas City. After that the messages came by threes and fours from New York and Chicago, with other cities adding their quota of information about the disaster. The ninth despatch was from Sacramento, Cal., but it was not until the eleventh that direct communication was had with the stricken city. Washington, Albany, Fresno, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Los Angeles and Stockton were some of the points from which came messages concerning the earthquake as it affected or interested governmental, railway, meteorological or other circles. It was from such widely divided sources and disjointed material that the telegraph editors had to build, like a picture in mosaic, a coherent and intelligible chronicle of the most destructive convulsion of nature in the modern history of the western world. How well they did their work is left to the judgment of the reader.

As a general rule, the first reports of big accidents are liable to exaggerate their seriousness so far as loss of life and destruction of property are concerned. In the case of San Francisco, the death list was at first placed as high as 4,000, but the final estimate was only about one fourth of this number. It is human nature to believe the worst when something occurs to jar the individual out of the noiseless tenor of his way. Again, newspaper men on the scene of a railway wreck or a mine explosion often yield to the inclination to enhance the importance of a news story by accepting the first hasty guess at the casualties instead of making closer inquiries which would minimize the horror. Thus it is that the "Hundred Killed, Two Hundred Injured," who figure in big red letters on the front page of the "speshil edishuns," dwindle to one-tenth or one-fifth of these numbers in the later reports.

An exception to the rule was seen in the terrible upheaval which wiped out Messina and Regio on December twenty-eighth of last year. The brief accounts given in the evening papers on that day said that three persons were known to have perished. Next morning the death roll was placed at forty thousand. Day by day it mounted,—to one hundred thousand, to two hundred thousand, even to three hundred thousand, until the revised estimate finally rested at one hundred thousand.

One concrete sample is worth a dozen abstract descriptions, so perhaps the reader may be interested in the following series of despatches which are given exactly as they were received at intervals in the "flimsy," the name given to the tissue paper sheets on which telegraphic news is duplicated and sent to the newspaper offices:

Bulletin—Atlantic City, N. J., Mar. 16;—The Barnegat life saving station reports that a steamer is ashore between Island Beach and Toms River. Life savers have gone to the assistance of the vessel.

II

Bulletin—Atlantic City, N. J Mar 16.—(Add steamer ashore) The steamer ashore near Island Beach is the Carthagena, Captain W. S. Mason. She hails from Duluth, Minn. The steamer has signaled for a tug to take off her passengers. She is lying in an easy position, taking no water and is believed to be only slightly damaged.

III.

Bulletin—Atlantic City, N. J., Mar. 16.—(Add str. ashore)—The life savers who have just returned from the Carthagena report that the crew of the steamer refuse to leave her, believing that she will be floated on the next high tide. The sea is smooth.

IV.

Philadelphia, Mar 16.—(Follow Atlantic City, Carthagena ashore)—The wrecking tug North America sailed from the Delaware breakwater this morning for Island Beach. The tug will endeavor to float the steamer Carthagena.

V.

Bulletin—Atlantic City, N. J., Mar. 16.—Barnegat Life Saving station reports that the steamer ashore near Island Beach is the Cearense of the Booth Line, from Para for New York.

VI.

Atlantic City, N. J., Mar. 16.—(Substitute for bulletin)—The British steamer Cearense, from Para for New York, struck on the shoals between the Toms River Life Saving station and Island Beach to-day, and is still hard aground. The vessel at once signaled for assistance, and a wrecking tug was ordered to her aid.

VII.

Atlantic City, N. J., Mar. 16.—(Add Str. Cearense ashore)—The twenty-one passengers were safely taken off this afternoon by means of the breeches buoy.

It will be seen that after all the confirmatory detail of Nos. I., II , III. and IV., upon which a report would be prepared, a heading written, and the whole put in type and perhaps inserted in an early edition, the item was given an entirely different trend by despatch No. V. The account which reached the public in its corrected form was made up of Nos. VI. and VII., a total of 380 words having simmered down to seventy in the final analysis of the occurrence.

Nothing is more ephemeral than the daily newspaper. The morning's issue is out of date at noon, and the afternoon editions are elbowed out of the way by the sporting extras. Since the journalist's words are "writ on water" and so soon forgotten, there is a constant temptation for him to become careless and slipshod. In the case of the telegraph editor, when one considers the high pressure under which he works and the mass of material, made up of exaggeration, substitution, confirmation, repetition, contradiction, correction and explanation which passes through his hands, the wonder is not that he makes mistakes, but that he makes so few.

A RECIPE

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

TO make the gray old world more gay,
To cheer a pal along the way,
To paralyze the blooming blues,
To dodge a tempting glass of booze,
To show yourself that life's worth while,
To beat a grouch by half a mile,
To bring new light to faded eyes,
To nail a liar in his lies,
To medicine a thousand ills,
To side-track inconvenient bills,
To take the venom from a sting,
To win a heart—or anything,
SMILE!

A FUGITIVE FROM LUXURY

BY FORREST CRISSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY F. D. SCHWALM

HE MADE a very sober little figure sitting on the broad stone step with the dignified doorway at his back, his chin buried in his palms and his elbows planted firmly on his knees; but Cecil had learned that the place to think big, serious thoughts was on a stone doorstep, sitting in just that way, and of late there had been so much of this kind of thinking to do that he seemed almost to have grown fast to the step—to have become a sort of picture boy set in the frame of a massive doorway. There was where he had always taken his books from the start; it was his place.

A boy of eight isn't generally supposed to have memories—that is, according to the stupid judgment of grown-ups—but Cecil John Alverstone Dart was nothing more nor less than a tingling, seething mass of memories. All that he saw or smelled or ate or heard somehow made him remember something that belonged to his life before he left the plain little white house out on the great prairie and came to live with Uncle Bob in the great and beautiful mansion on the most fashionable street in the city.

It had not been so at first—everything was so new and grand and exciting that not a memory bothered him. Every day had a fresh and splendid surprise for him. First there were his new clothes—and he loved beautiful clothes as instinctively as he did ice cream, chocolate cake or the quivering puddings stuck full of nuts and fruits which Jean, the Scotch cook, made with a special eye to his delight. Then there was the house to explore. To be suddenly transported from a four-room cabin on the prairies—a cabin of which he knew by heart every board and every unframed picture—to a great stone mansion with quite as many rooms as a palace, imposes no light task of exploration upon a mind so inquiring and imaginative as Cecil's. He felt that he could not rest until he had mastered the fascinating mysteries of his new abode as completely as he had come to know the details of the little up-country cabin.

And so, for weeks, he had lived an active and industrious life of exploration. Cecil could not understand how Robinson Crusoe could have settled down on the end of the desert island on which he had been cast up, without first walking all about it and learning its secrets; when Uncle Bob had read the book to him, he had asked: "But why didn't he explore it first—that's always the first thing to do with a new place!

There were many rooms and closets and curious little nooks and seats and corners and hiding-places and such a world of beautiful pictures and curious trinkets—then the attic and the stables! Oh, it was a busy place for a small explorer who did his work with true Scotch thoroughness and could not pause until he knew every hidden secret under the great roof, every thing and every creature in the stable, even to the grizzled old rat that blinked fiercely at him from the hole in the corner of the unused box-stall. He just *had* to find out everything about the place before he could rest content—and that shut out all disquieting memories and made life one grand and absorbing round of excitement.

Then came the trips with Uncle Bob in the new touring-car and the lessons from the little lady with the big brown eyes and the gentle manners. She had a way of making him feel that those lessons were somehow

very important and went with the grand new life into which he had so suddenly stepped Besides the feeling that it was his duty to master his lessons and that it would make his Uncle Bob uncommonly happy for him to do so, he found them strangely absorbing. Books had not been a part of his "other life," as he had come to call it, and even the arithmetic was not without its interest, while the geography was fascinating —which is not in the least strange, considering his tastes and achievements as an explorer!

And Uncle Bob had been as crafty and as resourceful in shutting troublesome memories and perplexing questions out of the mind of his young charge as in keeping opponents out of Parliament and getting lands and buildings and horses and all the good and costly things which a gay and shrewd bachelor may desire. He had once overheard Uncle Bob say to a beautiful young lady: "Poor kid! I keep him so busy that he doesn't get time to think or ask himself questions. But if he ever starts that sort of thing I'll be hard pushed —for he's a serious little beggar!" Uncle Bob and the lady were standing together in his own room, and were looking down at him thinking he was asleep He could hear music and many voices in the room below, and it was evident that Uncle Bob was having company. But just as he was looking at the face of the lady in the dimly lighted room, and thinking how lovely she was, he had fallen asleep again and dreamed of the time in his other life when he had found a wolf-pup in the long grass and had brought it home in his blouse.

CECIL REVELED IN TOYS

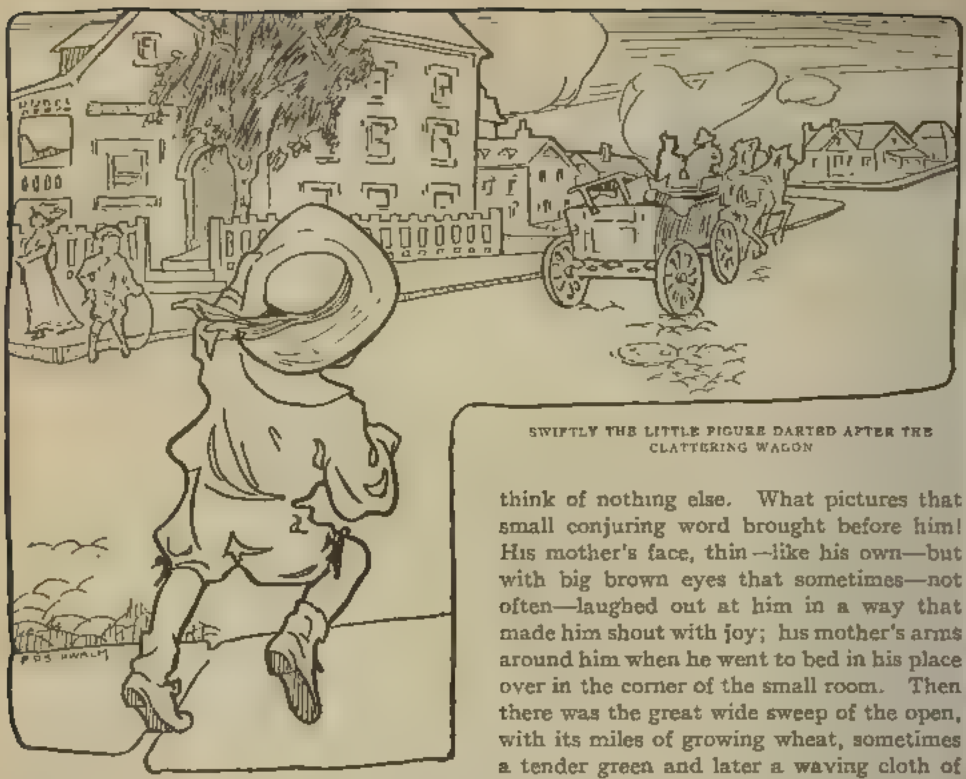
And here we are, back at the stone steps again for all this was before Uncle Bob had been called away to the extra sitting of Parliament and before the memories and longings had laid sudden and fearful siege to his heart. No pleasure which the gentle and crafty governess could devise was able to tempt him from his melancholy broodings on the steps of the mansion

Yes, everything was changed; things from the other life began to come back to him; and the longer he thought upon them, the wilder grew the inward tumult. It seemed to him a very long time since that night when he had come with his mother to Winnipeg—that first wonderful ride on the cars!—and had wakened up in his beautiful bedroom in Uncle Bob's great house. But it had really been months instead of years, as it seemed to Cecil.

His mother? Where had she gone? He knew that Uncle Bob had repeatedly assured him that she had been obliged to go away—far away—on important business. But as he sat on the stone steps, day after day, and thought the long thoughts of childhood, he somehow knew that there was something about his mother which his Uncle Bob had not told.

And, as for his father, he had been mostly away from home ever since he had gone into service with the mounted police. Cecil was not quite sure of his attitude towards the half stranger father who had a habit of appearing at home most unexpectedly, and of kissing him so roughly that his close-cropped moustache pricked disagreeably. But, more unpleasant than the pricklings from his father's bristling lip were the angry words which, just at the last, seemed to be associated with his father's home comings

Then, too, the memories which crowded so fiercely upon him brought other half



SWIFTLY THE LITTLE FIGURE DARTED AFTER THE CLATTERING WAGON

forgotten things to his mind. In that other life he had not had the good things to eat which he now had. Not even at Christmas had he found in his stockings as many dainties as he now had every day of his life in the great house. Nor had a Christmas on the prairie ever brought him more than three playthings—the drum, the sword and the cloth picture book. Now he had only to go up to the pleasant room which the lady of the lessons occasionally spoke of as "the nursery," to revel in toys—a boat which would sail in the bathtub, a red locomotive which would run round and round on its bright circular track, an engine that could be wound up like the little clock in the prairie cabin and would pump water and whistle—oh yes, it was all very different now from what it used to be when he was a poor little boy in a prairie cabin instead of Uncle Bob's boy—but!

And never did anything grow so strangely fast as did that "but" in the brooding mind of the transplanted boy! When first he felt its presence it was like a small grain of wheat. As he pondered, day after day, it seemed to sprout and multiply until he could see and think of nothing else. What pictures that small conjuring word brought before him! His mother's face, thin—like his own—but with big brown eyes that sometimes—not often—laughed out at him in a way that made him shout with joy; his mother's arms around him when he went to bed in his place over in the corner of the small room. Then there was the great wide sweep of the open, with its miles of growing wheat, sometimes a tender green and later a waving cloth of gold. The very memory of how it smelled came to him with tantalizing distinctness—it was such a good smell that to think of it made his throat tight and his eyes fill with tears. Here were only houses and houses and stores and more houses! Something wild within him—a fierce hunger for the great free out-of-doors, for the smell of the prairie and the wheat fields, for the snug little cabin, for the old playthings and for the mother who sometimes laughed with her eyes—grew and swelled in his lonely heart until the great house and all its beautiful rooms and his wonderful playthings and his fine clothing and even gentle Uncle Bob framed themselves into a picture of something from which he must flee.

In this way Cecil arrived at his great resolve. He would *escape!* But how? And on the broad steps of the big house, with his pointed chin in his hands, the plan suddenly came to him—came with the passing of a wagon which he knew must belong to somebody near that other home of his because it was unlike the city wagons and had the same kind of high seat and sides, and the same red paint which belonged to all the wagons he could remember to have seen in his other

life on the prairies. This very wagon must now be going back to that other home of his, for it was loaded with rattling furniture and household goods such as he had seen unloading at the cabin of the new settler where his mother had called to offer a few eggs and a quart of milk. There could be no doubt about it—this wagon was going back to his other home——

Swiftly the little figure darted from his seat on the stone step, caught the tailboard of the clattering wagon and then disappeared over the high endboard, losing itself under the shelter of a bobbing table that was to bring joy to the wife of the settler who rocked comfortably on the high seat as he smoked the cigar which the storekeeper had given him

* * * * * * *

A posse of mounted police drew up to a dreary little trading post; the inspector went inside and received a telegram, brought by special messenger from the nearest telegraph station. His face went white.

"What is it, Tom? Bad news from ——"

But he checked himself and left the question unfinished, remembering that the inspector no longer boasted a home.

"Yes. My kid, my little boy—he disappeared from Winnipeg. They turned the town upside down and no trace of him. The only clue has just been found. A grocer's boy who knows the neighborhood saw a youngster of his description leave the steps of his uncle's house and flip onto the tailboard of a freighter's wagon. As nearly as they've been able to make out that freighter was hitting out for the old North Trail. Some of you go to the telegraph station. Mike—you come with me. I'll look for news at Devon's Corners."

With a few added directions he swung into the saddle and they were off. Only one of his posse remained with him, and they exchanged scarcely a word in the long ride that finally brought them to Angus MacDougall's place. A quick inquiry from the inspector brought out the information that Campbell, a settler twenty miles beyond, had discovered a fine little lad, dressed in the best of city clothes, stowed away in the rear of his wagon, and that he was taking the

"WE'LL GET MOTHER ALL RIGHT—DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT"

boy on home to be cared for until the mounted police should call for him.

"It seems th' lad was aye homesick fer his mither an' his faither an' the big outdoors—but mainly, I tak' it, fer his mither, an' had jumped oot of th' lap o' luxury t' try an' get back."

The inspector did not wait for further words, but hurried on up the trail, reaching the Campbell shack at sunset. As he entered, he saw Cecil sitting at the table, with its oil cloth spread, a towel pinned carefully about his neck and the mother of four sturdy girls—and no boy beaming upon him. The moment he saw the inspector his knife and fork dropped from his hand and he gave a glad little cry. The next instant the arms of the inspector had him fast and Cecil was finally compelled to cry out:

"Your lip's so prickery; it hurts! But I'm glad you found me. I was getting awful lonesome, and it rode very jiggley in the wagon under the table. I want to go home to mother. Uncle Bob's very, very good to me, but I just hate houses and houses with no fields that smell good—an' no mother."

The Campbells, suddenly sensing the odd situation, had vanished from the room, and father and boy were left alone.

"But," awkwardly began the inspector.

"It was the *buts*," finally suggested Cecil, "that made me feel so bad that I had to leave Uncle Bob's. Everything was splendid there, but there wasn't any mother or any big outdoors or—or—any of the things I'd been used to, always."

The inspector said nothing, and the boy continued:

"Are we going to sleep here to-night before you take me home?"

It seemed a long time to Cecil before his father replied, and while he was waiting for his answer, he fell to thinking that his father was certainly a soldierly-looking man, and that maybe, if they were better acquainted, he would come to like him very much

"Yes," at last responded the inspector. "To-morrow I'll take you to your mother—she's not at home now, but I think she'll come back if we both ask her to and are very kind to her."

"And if you promise never to make her cry again," was the startling suggestion of the boy, who finally added:

"When mother laughs with her eyes I think she's more beautiful than—than—"

"So do I, Cecil," the inspector interrupted. "Now, crawl up into my lap and I'll tell you what happened to me on the trail. We'll get mother all right don't worry about that!"

Later a sleepy voice interrupted the story of the trail with the irrelevant comment:

"Doorsteps are awful good places to think on, aren't they? And it'll be awfully nice to get home an'——"

And the drowsy voice trailed off in the quiet of satisfied slumber.

The inspector sat long, holding the warm relaxed little figure and saying to himself:

"Yes, boy! We'll make her laugh with her eyes again—often—we will!"

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of the "Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued

He comes, this assisted immigrant, a cheerful farewell behind, a grudging welcome greeting him, not twenty minutes of experience in farming his,—a neighbor to the man who came without asking and without assistance, with two hundred years of practical fitting in his education. He meets a man of independent spirit, of the same old type who asked odds of no mortal man. But weak as he is, unprepared as he is, he gets hope and strength from that very neighborship.

Every American pioneer could drive his own team, make or mend his own tools, build his own house, furnish it, put food in it. The poorest frontiersman was absolutely independent, and he was owner of absolute self confidence. The strong thrust of destiny and heredity and hope were all behind him. Of him indeed it might be said: "It was worth while to hew and build; it was worth while to sow and reap and sow again; it was worth while to rear children in all the cleanliness and simplicity of country living, teaching them the fear of God, the love of country, the reverence due to older people, the scorn of pride and slavery and oppression. It was worth while to shape towns and villages and constitutions, and institutions and a free state in God's open field, beneath divine overbending skies, the empire of good will. In seeking the new home they new-found themselves, renewed their eternal youth in perennial inspiration." It was a teacher in the American West, born in the only really American part of America, who wrote these lines. Why should they not also appeal to the weak and despairing of an older world to-day?

Shall the weak be left to starve because they are weak? Does government mean this for its humanity? Has civilization no better corrective than that to offer for its own ills? Does civilization, spite of the iron law of competition, owe its helpless ones no duty. All Canada, sombre and serious in her new great days, asks that England shall answer that.

An emissary from Great Britain said no later than yesterday: "There is a strong British sentiment throughout Canada, but keenest at the coast. The authorities should introduce as many British settlers as possible in the country between Winnipeg and the coast, where the population is at preseent very cosmopolitan." Now it is precisely this introduction of British settlers into that part of Canada which makes the knotty part of our problem, at which Canada now pauses. She has put up certain bars against England, but how about bars against America? That British settler in this middle country meets the American invasion—which found that country, made it feasible and is taking it in part—the "Yankee", admittedly indispensable, but in some thoughtless quarters disliked and even dreaded!

The very pretty little problem, moreover, does not lack its other complications. Now comes Australia, with conditions in very many respects quite as easy, a country quite as rich, and with land laws the most liberal on earth, and makes her bid for English immigration. We shall have more to say of the Australian method presently. Just now it is sufficient to say that every English settler who deserts Canada for Australia leaves just that much more opening in Canada for the American invasion. We have not yet got any answer. We only have found problems.

CHAPTER XVII

THE TRANSPLANTING

"The wilderness lies shining before us. It is old and silent. Would you know its secrets? Read the rocky record which lies behind, around, beneath; and be assured

that, once the story of yesterday were understood, the facts of to-day would ask no wider explanation. The physical forces of this world still drive the loom that weaves the web of life. Before the loom the unseen weaver sits, guiding her web that passes to an endless roll, changing withal the width, the pattern, as conditions rise. Changes her arabesque, it is for cause; changes it not, it is alike for cause. And if at intervals as we watch anon new figures rise may it not be but the return of some earlier triumphant cycle, that here begins anew, evident enough in cause and feature were once that giant scroll unrolled, or were her watchers more patient, more enduring? Alas, in presence of this mighty loom, what fleeting, evanescent interpreters are we!"

These words, written by one who has found his life work in geology, a student, a great scientist, are wholesome for pondering by those who essay the uncertain field of sociology, They ought to teach the human humility which should replace mere self-seeking and self-sufficiency. They ought to teach unwillingness to announce any infallible plan for the solution of theorems which nature is accustomed to work out for herself, in her own way, and in spite of man's meddling

Yet, if we be daring enough to sally into any difficult field, there will be satisfaction if we can repeat that in attempting its large problems we have used the large methods of research and of science, rather than to have yielded to the temptation to give mere selfishness the guise of reason. All life is selfishness, all national growth surely is selfishness; yet when selfishness touches logic, logic flees.

Except in dispassionate reasoning, there is no conclusion worth the having. Let us at least claim so much as dispassionateness for our pages; and claim also that we have sought to collect without fear or favor a number of premises, in the belief that, conflicting as they seem, they yet may be found to offer some valid conclusion

We may without contradiction claim that we have reduced the argument on Canadian colonization practically to the conflict between the hard head and the soft heart. "Ah," you say, "that is to leave it where we found it!" Perhaps we may claim rather more than that. Perhaps we dare say that a reconciliation of this conflict not only may be but must be found. Perhaps we dare say that England not only may but must contrive something definite in the way of governmental policy; that philanthropy not only may but must mend its ways. Like most answers to hard problems, this is the simplest and most obvious. The only difficulty in reading it lies in that blindness which comes of narrowness and selfishness—our refusal to admit that as human beings we are but small atoms on the world—our refusal to admit that it is our vast conceit and not our vast knowledge which holds us fast to the old, useless, hopeless ways.

It is national conceit in Europe, in Canada, in the United States, which says that times have not changed, which points out the old ways of settling a country and declares that those ways are good enough to-day. The corollary of such conceit is ruin

For instance, the ways of the United States in settling its new lands were excellent in their time. They built up a splendid, aggressive manhood, built up a rich and resourceful country. Yet to apply those ways to Canada to-day would be to cut Canada off from the British Empire as surely as that the sun will rise! Assuredly, unless she shall open her eyes to the fact that these are new and different days, that the world has changed, and that those who do not change with the times must perish of the times, then England's fate will be that of all the blind.

That is the reduction. Let us push the reduction to an absurdity. By elimination let us get at remedies. Let us say that Canada does not wish to separate from England. Very good, so much the more narrows our field of thought and conjecture Suppose we review briefly that narrowed field—but accepting the truth that what once would have served will no longer serve in national ways; that times do change, and that new methods must be found

We can go on safely to say that mere enthusiasm, mere compassion and even mere disinterestedness, cannot avail to solve the problems of the poor. Such problems are not those of sentiment, and they can be solved by no idealism which is devoid of commonsense as well. If England, to definitely is to maintain her ancient and strong position among the shifting and growing nations of the world, she needs to work to some agreed and accepted type of practical colonization, governed by a prac-

tical philanthropy, stipulated and regulated by the government itself. She can afford few farther experiments. Certainly she cannot afford to handle her problem on the same old basis of charity and gratuity, of collecting and dumping. Canada cannot afford to make those mistakes which the United States is making even now, so rapidly and so terribly,—mistakes which surely will result in the adulteration and weakening of its population.

We safely can advance, then, to the point of saying that packed populations must not be dispersed hit-or-miss, must not be lumped and massed and left to starve in the same old way in different surroundings. We dare to say that immigration should be distributed in appointed places, where each unit shall help the most and hurt the least. Ah, give them *room*,—room to *grow*, to breathe, to rear good children, to *grow* up into good men and women; *room* to feel that religion and human kindness and hope are not bitter lies; *room* so to live that they shall not curse God and ask to die! Surely we can say all this, and hold our ground, can we not?

Direct transplanting of helpless and unfit human plants means ruin. The handling of the human plant, stage by stage, up again to the full plane of human usefulness—that is a great work, a *giant* work. It is big enough for any giant in government, for any giant in philanthropy, any giant among men or among nations.

That task is to insure a start back to the land on such terms as will not insure death and failure. It offers a fighting chance to those who would work if they had the opportunity. For those who cannot work when chance is offered,—Ah, let us look aside and uncover as death goes by! Let the civilization which has slain give interment to its dead. To give those in whom the vital spark is not yet gone an opportunity to grow—*that is task enough for any giant among the nations.*

Yet, so far as known, no large experiment of practical sort ever has been worked out in Canadian colonization. It has, as our foregoing pages prove, all been hit-or-miss philanthropy, politics, selfishness, touchy charity and tricky business, vying with each other as to which could make the most mistakes and do the most harm alike to England and to Canada. May we not safely say—always adhering to our statement that times have changed—that the solution of such a question no longer should be left to conflicting ideas and to the warring interests of individuals? The joint thought of a *government*, the joint thought of a *nation* is none too great and wise for such a question. May we not agree to this? May we not safely say that we have come step by step up to the gate of the government? May we not logically lay such question *at the door of England itself?*

England can save a generation of time in colonization if she likes. On the other hand, she can, if she likes, lose that generation. By taking thought, she can add a cubit to the stature of the empire, and herself can add a century to the empire's life. That is to say, she can offer a colonization which an immigrant can accept without losing his self-respect, and without losing his usefulness to the Dominion. Or, as alternative, she can go along in the same old ways, through this or the other changing administration, this or the other changing policy, and let matters take care of themselves as they always have, one theory quarrelling with another, one organization wrangling with another, and all striving against natural law and natural commonsense

England, if she likes, can refuse to believe that any human sowing is possible except the same old sowing which has rotted human life in the centers of civilization heretofore. She can refuse to transplant intelligently; Canada can refuse to accept. Canada can refuse to care for, to prune and to guide the human plants offered her. Whether she shall or shall not refuse is for Canada to say; or for some great man of Canada to say. In such partings of the ways lies the choice between a national glory and a national despair.

That parting of the ways comes in time to any new land seeking population. It came swiftly to the United States, all too swiftly; and without doubt or question the United States chose the wrong path, that of unregulated individual selfishness, which assuredly will lead to later retrogression. The new lands of the United States are no longer settled by the self-selected dominant frontiersman. To-day the United States rather accepts the guidance of steamship companies and railways—individual selfishness. The result is swiftly and sadly ripening in that commercialism which controls even American politics to-day, which makes American ideals a mockery before the world.

Now or in time this same question will come to Canada. Shall she follow the example of the American Republic in keeping the talents entrusted to her? What shall be her path at the parting of the ways? What shall be the population *average* for the Dominion, for the Empire? Shall so great a question be determined in these changed times by personal greed or personal impulse? Is it not rather for a *government* to answer?

Have we not been fair thus far? If we have not, the fault has not been through any personal bias on the author's part. If there has been weakness of reasoning, it has not been through weakness of intent. Tell us where we have thus far been unfair. Where are we wrong if we shall lay this problem at the door of government? Where are we wrong if we shall demand that government shall solve the problem of the hard head and the soft heart at one stroke; through one policy; one new idea? Where shall we be wrong if we point out a plan old as the first garden of the world, and simple as the tilling of a glebe!

Whether Canada likes it or not, the poor of the world are going to be transplanted, and transplanted to her field, because that is fate. Now, does she wish to see these plants wither and die, or to see them grow to stature and strength? What does the gardener do with his new plants, weak and white of tendril? He sets them out near to some well-builded trellis, does he not? He shields them from too warm a sun, does he not; from too great a cold? He trains them to look aloft to that stronger trellis for support, does he not? And then—

And *then*; there is our answer! Its cost, its difficulty may not logically be considered at all. There is the answer! This is to be done by government. Tell us, may we not safely go thus far, and claim that no other answer can be found but this?

This answer already is suggested by fate. It already has been approved by unsolicited events. There lie the fields, already provided with the stake and trellis, over hundreds of miles already ploughed and sown in strong and fit humanity. These hardy settlers are scattered here and there over the vast new empire of the Canadian West.

The paths of the world go apart for a time, but interbraid again. Two old paths but meet here again in the Canadian West. Back on the old and usual one still are the hopeless poor, the pale, white product of the city; the poor, the hopeless, despairing, apathetic, awful, deadly, dreadful poor.

Transport these, down the broad trail of empire, till they find the well ordered fields where the new paths come in, paths were stronger men have forerun them to begin the work, to prepare the fields with stake and trellis

In such prepared environment set out your plants, weak and white of tendril; and ask God to give them watering, and trust God to spell the answer.

Take that answer, whether or not it means that Canada is to remain a dependency of England. Great England will not be great until she dare abide that answer.

One thing only is certain; the new-comer in Canada will not remain Englishman, "Yankee," German—he will become Canadian. The soil will raise its own crop; the crop will adjust itself to its environment.

In western Canada there is environment good enough to raise men and women in type, almost, indeed, "as much superior to the slum dwellers of cities as man to-day is superior to Tyndal's antediluvian reptiles."

Any traveller in western Canada may see the miracle of modern life swiftly set in place on this frontier; roads, schools, intercommunication, every anticipation of denser settlement,—these things are accomplished or assured in advance of actual settlement. Railroad building in western Canada assumes enormous proportions, not now for military but for industrial reasons. Wheat must be carried. It pays its own way as it goes. It no longer is a question whether railways may risk building across these long unused plains. The only question is where they can find steel and wood and men to do the work. This tremendous sweep to the westward of the white race across the provinces of western Canada is an astonishing, an absorbing, a tremendous, an epochal thing. It was not England planned it. It was a thing solemnly ordained in the stars.

When need was, these new fields were discovered ready for human planting, because elsewhere the hotbeds were overcrowded. Since need is, already these new fields are planted with the strong, already the trellises are ready for the weak. The dream of philanthropy itself is ready to come true. The hope of the hard-headed idealist is within reach even now.

(To be continued)

JOSEPH KILGOUR
In "The Easiest Way"

ANDREW ROBSON
Featured in "The Wolf"

JULIUS MCVICKER
Managing his own company

SUCCESSFUL CANADIAN PLAYERS

BY HELEN AVERY HARDY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IT is often said that Canada has no stage and while that is true to a limited extent, since few productions are made in Canada, it is nevertheless a fact that the Dominion has had a marked influence on the stage of this continent, for the list of Canadians who have won both fame and fortune through their work in opera or drama is truly remarkable

Perhaps the most conspicuously successful actor-manager on the American stage to-day is Henry Miller who was born in London, Ontario. Mr. Miller, although in the managerial end of the business only a few years, has sponsored such stars as Alla Nazimova, Edith Wynne Mathison and Margaret Anglin, the Ottawa girl who relinquished a life of social triumph for a career on the stage and who has just returned from an Australian tour wherein she duplicated her New York successes

HENRY MILLER
Actor-manager

Another London man in the managerial field is William Hendrie Currie, who for twelve years was associated with Charles Hoyt, playing leading roles in every production of that famous playwright. After Mr. Hoyt's death, Mr. Currie formed a partnership with George H. Broadhurst, author of "The Man of the Hour" and other successes, and theirs became one of the notable producing firms of America

James K. Hackett has not won fortune from his venture as a manager, though a great measure of artistic success has been his portion Mr. Hackett, who was born at Wolfe Island, near Kingston, is generally considered the foremost romantic actor of the American stage

Perhaps the most famous Canadian in opera is Madame Albani, often called the greatest of dramatic sopranos, who was born at Chambly, Quebec, and who made her

MAY IRWIN
Starring in "Mrs. Peckham's Carouse"

first public appearance in Montreal under her own name, Marie Louise Emma Cecile Lajeunnesse, taking the name of Albani when she made her Italian debut. Her successes in London, Paris and Berlin were repeated in the United States and in her native land, where Albani's name was almost a household word when she was at the zenith of her fame. Albani now confines her attention to concert and oratorio work

Pauline Donalda, now singing in grand opera in Paris, is a Montreal girl, who made her debut under the auspices of Lord Strathcona and who adopted her stage name from her patron's Christian name of Donald Mme Donalda has been most successful in her operatic career.

A lyric soprano of the Opera Comique in Paris is Miss La Palme, a Montreal girl, who has been engaged by Oscar Hammerstein for next season in New York. Miss La Palme is also a violinist of note, having won the gold medal for violin playing at the Royal Academy of Music in London

Francis Maclennan and his wife, Florence Easton, who are singing in grand opera, are Canadians, and a Guelph boy, Edward Johnson, who was the star of "The Waltz Dream" last season, is also appearing in grand opera with marked success

Beginning as a supernumerary, at fifty cents a night, at the old Lyceum Theatre in Toronto, her native city, that wonderful actress, Clara Morris, rose to a place without equal on the American stage At a benefit recently given to her in New York, Miss Morris said she had always wondered why God had sent no children to her, but as she was greeted by that vast audience of generous fellow-workers she realized it was that her heart might hold only remembrances and love of them. Since

WILLIAM HENDRIE CURRIE
Manager and Producer

she has left the stage. Miss Morris has devoted her attention to literary work. The New York *Journal* frequently uses articles from her pen, her short stories appear in the current magazines and her books are popular for their keenly analytical, yet humorous, outlook.

William Courtleigh has had a career that certainly was not monotonous. Born in Guelph, Ontario, his family took him to St Louis when he was but three years of age In his early manhood he studied law, indulging in amateur performances as pastime, until he joined a small repertoire company touring the West, when it became serious work. After two seasons with Fanny Davenport, the late Augustin Daly secured Mr. Courtleigh's services for the succeeding four years, but after one season, we find the actor creating the leading characters in "Blue Jeans" and "In Old Kentucky." Two years in Daniel Frohman's stock company at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, three years at Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre, were followed by leading roles in many notable productions. Two vaudeville sketches owe their being to Mr. Courtleigh's talents, "Third Degree," and "Peaches." At present he offers a most convincing character-portrayal in "A Fool There Was," at the Liberty Theatre, New York.

EDGAR SELWYN
Actor-manager-dramatist

MARGARET ANGLIN
Just returned from Australian tour

Since Julia Arthur became Mrs. B. P. Cheney, she has been seen but little upon the stage. She was born in Hamilton, making her first professional appearance in that city at the age of twelve years with Daniel Bandman as the Prince of Wales in "Richard III," afterward becoming a member of his organization, playing any part in any play to gain experience. She was the first American actress to attain success upon the English stage, succeeding

WILLIAM COURTLEIGH
With "A Fool there Was"

CATHERINE PROCTOR
With "Paid in Full"

SYDNEY JARVIS
With "The Fair Co-Ed"

Ellen Terry as leading woman to Sir Henry Irving

Viola Allen, a Toronto girl, has never played a minor role in all her stage career. As leading woman of the famous Empire Stock Company in New York, she created many parts. Beside starring in "The Christian," "In the Palace of the King," and "The Eternal City," and last season, in "Irene Wycherly," she has played all the leading female Shakesperean roles. This season, she is starring in "The White Sister."

Robert McWade began his career in 1857. He was born at Long-Sault Rapids in Lower Canada. For twenty-three consecutive years his "Rip Van Winkle" was a rival to that of the late Joseph Jefferson, and during that time he appeared in every city in the United States, Canada and Australia. The veteran actor is playing this season, in "Via Wireless." His desire that he may be again permitted to return to a delineation of the vagabond of the Catskills is echoed by those who have seen his lovable creation

EUGENE REDDING
With "Mr Hamlet of Broadway"

CUYLER HASTINGS
With "The Girl of the Golden West"

Eugene Cowles, for ten years leading basso with the Bostonians, was born at Stanstead Plains, P. Q. It is estimated that as Will Scarlett in "Robin Hood," Mr Cowles sang "The Jet Black Crow" and "The Armorer's Song," over 5,000 times. Since leaving the Bostonians, he has toured with his own company, and has sung with Alice Nielsen, Fritzi Scheff, Lillian Blauvelt and Marie Cahill, with whose company he is now associated

It was a Toronto girl, Maud Allan, who originated the celebrated "Salome" dance, which became such a fad last season. Miss Allan's classic dancing created a sensation in London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. In 1900 she became "the rage" in Europe and her popularity seems not to lessen, but increase. Feted by society, welcomed by royalty, and acclaimed by the press, it is safe to assert that her professional appearance in this country will be attended by equal triumphs.

Lena Ashwell, a favorite of the London stage, spent

AMELIA SUMMERVILLE
In Vaudeville

the early years of her life in the Dominion and the very latest Canadian to gain success in England is Rose Stahl, a Montrealer, whose unique slang and breezy acting in "The Chorus Lady," a comedy of the stage by James E Forbes (a Canadian too, by the way, born at Guelph, Ontario), are the subjects of much newspaper comment

It is somewhat remarkable that three of the *Prince Danilos* in "The Merry Widow" have been Canadians: Donald Brian, a native of the Maritime Provinces, who created the role in the original New York production, Charles Meakins, a Hamilton boy, now on tour with the western company, and Albert Jeannotte, the tenor of Madame Calve's recent concert tour, who was educated at the Jesuit College, Montreal.

Amelia Summerville, of Irish descent, is always proud to call herself a Canadian She says, "The best comediennes on the stage to-day are 'Canucks!' " She enthuses, too, over the Holmans, one of the most famous theatrical families in Canada, from whose school many of our best actors have graduated

A comedienne who is universally loved and admired is May Irwin, born at Whitby, Ontario. Miss Irwin is considered one of the wealthiest of actresses, owning the Bijou theatre and other New York properties, besides her home on the Thousand Islands which she is talking of turning into a summer hotel. Miss Irwin prides herself on her cooking and has published a cook book in which practical recipes are alternated with funny stories

Marie Dressler, the comedienne who has delighted so many audiences, was born at Cobourg, Ontario. Miss Dressler is at present playing a featured part in "The Boy and the Girl "

EUGENE COWLES
With "The Boys and Betty"

Mabel Barrison, a Toronto girl, whose successes have hitherto lain in musical comedy, has astonished the critics by her excellent work in "the legitimate" this season. They have been unanimous in showering encomiums on her for her portrayal of the name part in "The Blue Mouse,' one of the most discussed plays of the theatrical year

ARTHUR DEAGON
With "The Follies of 1908"

ALBERT JEANNOTTE
With "The Merry Widow"

Eva Tanguay, "the madcap genius," who has not played out of New York for three years, and who commands a fabulous salary in vaudeville, was born in Quebec

Christie MacDonald, a comedienne who made her debut with Francis Wilson and who has been very successful in light opera, is a Nova Scotia girl, who is very popular in Eastern Canada, as well as in her home province

Edgar Selwyn was born in Toronto. Stock experience preceded a small part in Secret Service." [He created the part of *Tony* in "Arizona," making a hit After seasons with Maud Adams and Ethel Barrymore, he produced his own play,

VIOLA ALLEN
Starring in "The White Sister"

"It's All Your Fault," with himself in the cast, at the Savoy Theatre, New York. For one season, he was featured in the title role of "Strongheart," and last season played in his own dramatization of Sir Gilbert Parker's "Pierre and His People," under the title of "Pierre of the Plains."

Joseph Kilgour, who characterizes his engagement in "The Easiest Way," at the Stuyvesant Theatre, New York, as the most pleasant of his career, was born at Ayr,

GEORGE PRIMROSE
The Celebrated Minstrel

Ontario. He became an actor after spending some years in the brokerage business in Chicago, his first part being in "Niobe."

Archibald Simpson, known to audiences as Andrew Robson, first saw the light of day in Hamilton, Ontario. He has been on the stage nineteen years and in that time has played 274 parts. His debut was made with the E. A. McDowell Stock Company, in Detroit, when Julia Arthur was its leading lady. Mr. Robson is a painter of ability. He has starred in "The Royal Box,"

Photograph by Moffett Studio

MARIE DRESSLER
Featured in "The Boy and the Girl"

"Richard Carvel," and "David Garrick," and is this season featured in "The Wolf."

Catherine Proctor, leading woman of the western "Paid in Full" company, was born in Ottawa, but passed her childhood days in Toronto, at eight years of age becoming known as "the little elocutionary wonder." Later, she appeared with amateur productions at Toronto theatres in leading roles,

ROBERT MCWADE, SENIOR
In his own dramatization of "Rip Van Winkle"

She received the gold medal for highest honors in the dramatic class of the Toronto College of Music. Her first professional engagement was with Maude Adams in a part so small that her name did not appear on the program, but owing to the illness of a principal, Miss Proctor was given the opportunity of playing opposite the star in "L'Aiglon" for the remainder of the season

Three girls who went from the convent to the stage are Hope Latham, who, this season, made a hit in Mrs Fiske's production of "Salvation Nell". Edna Philips, Chauncey Olcott's leading woman, now in vaudeville; and Helen Ford, whose *Mary Stuart* in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" was one of the striking stage pictures of a few seasons ago

MAUD ALLAN
As "Salome"

Gladys Fairbanks Murray, who is in her first season upon the stage, was born in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia As *Mrs Eschorn* with "Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," she has won universal commendation for her eccentric characterization

Edward E. Rose, actor, stage director and playwright, was born at Stanstead, P Q. For four years he was a member of the famous Boston Museum Stock Company, then its stage director, assuming the management of the Castle Square Theatre and the Grand Opera House, Boston, in turn, until 1898, when

ALICE YORKE ("GOODIE" HILL)
With "The Broken Idol"

Photograph by Moffett Studio
CHRISTIE MACDONALD
With "Miss Hook of Holland"

he went to New York. He dramatized "Richard Carvel," "David Harum," "Janice Meredith," "Alice of Old Vincennes," "Rupert of Hentzau," "The Spenders," and "Eben Holden." His original plays are "Jim the Westerner," "Captain Paul," "A Square Deal," and "Fighting Bob." Mr. Rose is co-author of "Kassa," the Leslie Carter offering this season

Cuyler Hastings was born in Parkhill, and educated in Toronto, graduating as a barrister at law in 1890, but in the fall of that year went on the stage in the company of Mme Rhea. After several stock engagements, varied by leading parts with many celebrated actresses, he toured Australia for

HOPE LATHAM
With "Salvation Nell"

more than two years. Last season he played the gambler in "The Girl of The Golden West," and this year created the leading parts in "Agnes," "An International Marriage," and "A Woman of Impulse."

Sydney Jarvis, leading baritone with "The Fair Co-Ed" company, was born in Toronto. His first opportunity came in "Broadway to Tokio," when the leading man was taken ill and Mr. Jarvis was selected to succeed him for the remainder of the season

George Primrose was born in London, Ontario, where he became known as "Master George" For twenty-five years he and "Billy" West were partners in the great

minstrel organization bearing their names, celebrating their jubilee at Madison Square Garden, New York, the week of March 9th, 1896, when one night's receipts were $10,000, the largest figure ever reached in that style of entertainment. Through real estate investments, Mr. Primrose is accounted one of the richest men in the theatrical world. He is now in vaudeville, where he and six young men under his tuition are perpetuating the old method of "team work" in buck and wing dancing.

Alice Yorke, whose home name is "Coodie" Hill, was born in Toronto. She began as a chorus girl in "The Isle of Spice" and has been in Whitney productions ever since, playing in "Captain Careless," "A Knight for a Day," "The Three Twins" and this season, in "A Broken Idol."

ROSE STAHL
Starring in "The Chorus Lady"

To do ten shows a day at ten dollars a week in a dime museum is proof positive that Arthur Deagon, who was born in Seaforth, Ontario, was not to be discouraged by hard work. After nineteen years of progress, he signed, last season, a three-year contract with Florenz Zeigfeld, Jr., and is playing in "The Follies of 1908." Five of his brothers are actors

Forsaking a business career, Julius Mc-

Photograph by Moffett Studio.
MABEL BARRISON
Starring in "The Blue Mouse"

Vicker, a native of Sarnia, became a member of the famous James-Kidder-Hanford combination, and with a large repertoire of

MARIE QUINN
Leading Woman with Fiske O'Hara

modern and standard dramas is seen each summer heading his own stock company

Marie Quinn, leading woman with Fiske O'Hara, was born in Toronto, and made her bow to the public at six years of age. At sixteen she played *Bonita* in "Arizona." Three years later, she was *Madge* in "In Old Kentucky."

Minnie Allen, (Mrs. Claxton Wilstach) was born in Belleville, Ontario. Her first appearance was in vaudeville. After some years in support of Adelaide Thurston, she retired to cultivate her voice which she is now using in vaudeville, demonstrating her ability as an accomplished pianist, as well.

Ray and May Gilmore, two of the three Gilmore Sisters, are with Anna Held's "Miss Innocence" company. They were born in Hamilton. Ray is called the most photographed girl in America, having posed for artists and photographers ever since she came to New York a few years ago

Eugene Redding, known in his birthplace, Montreal, as Eugene Robidoux, left his profession of chemistry to make his first appearance on the stage in "The Girl From Paris" He has been with "Mr. Hamlet of Broadway," this season

It is surprising—this galaxy of stars who own Canada as their birthplace, and the roll is not yet called, for there are many others who, while just beginning the struggle for theatrical recognition, have already a foot on the first rung of the ladder of success

Canada may yet have a stage of her own.

THE PRAIRIE TRAIL

BY CY WARMAN

O, THE hunter is proud of his well-filled bag,
There is pleasure in playing bridge,
Or stealthily stalking the sleeping stag
On the crest of a wind-swept ridge;
There is joy in the cry of the steed of steam
Or the smack of a swishing sail,
But you ought to sit back of a long-tailed team
For a trek o'er a prairie trail.

The clink of a glass and the smell of wine,
The smoke of a good cigar,
Or a maddening whirl with a pretty girl
On a sixty-horse-power car.
These things are never just what they seem,
These are pleasures that pall and pale,
But give me a line on a long-tailed team
For a trek o'er a prairie trail.

AT HEART, GEORGE ELDER ADAMS WAS A BASS FISHERMAN AND A BAIT CASTER

TAKING BIG TROUT IN TEMAGAMI

BY ROBERT H. DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

"WHAT do you know about trout fishing?"

"Where?"

"Up Canada way, past North Bay, in Lake Temagami."

"What kind of trout?"

"Oh, the big lunkers, gray trout, lake trout, and togue. They run up to forty pounds in weight, and when they hit the spinner, it feels as if one had coupled you on to a box-car."

"What's the best month to go?"

"Any time after the 15th of July, when the black flies have started for Hudson Bay. If you get there when those fellows are on the job, it means a finish fight and you'll get the worst of it. Don't go before then, if you wish to enjoy yourself. They are the toughest proposition that the white man ever encountered in any zone. But we won't go into details here about the black fly, because we have something pleasant to talk about. And we might as well get at it."

When I started for the big trout district, I had no information at all about the sort of tackle required; so, the instant I got on the steamer at Temagami Station, I began to make inquiries. Incidentally I had worn out all the conductors on the Grand Trunk Line, from Buffalo on, trying to drag a little

A GROUP OF SATISFIED ANGLERS WITH THEIR CATCHES OF TROUT AND BASS

information out of them. But they all had different opinions, and I gave them up as a bad job. At last I fell on Captain Willy Friday, skipper of the steamboat *Chance*, which took us up to the Inn, right across from Bear Island, where the Hudson's Bay Company is holding a canned goods exposition all the year round. Willy told me the only way I could "get next" to the big trout was to talk to Jim Friday, his brother, who happened accidentally to be a professional guide.

I found Jim late in the afternoon, and took him behind the ice-house, where I suggested that he give me a little inside information on the tackle issue. I slipped him a plug of tobacco as a preliminary, half of which he loaded into a pipe as big as a plug-hat. The balance he ate. Jim was a very bashful Ojibway but he managed to make it clear that the tackle really didn't amount to much if you didn't have a good guide. So we agreed that my line, under his direction, would deliver the goods

We put out in a small lugger. Once aboard, Jim became more communicative, and as we neared Cattle Island he was doing his share of the lying and appeared to be at home. I had a pound of sinkers strung along ten feet of a trolling-line. and above that, on a long leader, I had a No. 9 spinner with a bare triple gang

I caught, after two hours, one four-pound trout, which came aboard like a dachshund crawling into a soup-tureen. Jim said the wind was blowing from the wrong direction, and that the morning was the best time. Then we came back to the Inn. On the dock I found one George Elder Adams, a New York cotton-broker. He was sitting on a spile tying two-ounce swivel sinkers on a gray hemp line, at regular distances of 3 feet apart.

He told me, with the kind of wink they use in Wall Street among the elect, that he had been up against big trout down in the Muskoka and knew the game. Altogether, he had thirty of these sinkers, covering a distance of 100 feet over all For lure he had an otter-tail spoon, with a terminating triple gang, while into the flanges he had drilled two holes for two more sets of triples. This made a total of 9 barbs—from which no well-regulated trout could expect to escape.

"This," said Adams, with an air of confidence that would have equipped the entire national headquarters of either party, "is the way the boys take 'em at the Royal. It's a walk-over. They fish only for the market there. They have got to get the fish, so they can't afford to take any chances. This rig you see me with now is what they use."

With that, my friend Adams, whom I afterwards learned to admire and even fear, placed the tackle in my hand. Easily I could have knocked a horse down with it. It weighed six and one-half pounds. But a casual glance into Adam's face convinced me that it was no place to argue so delicate an issue.

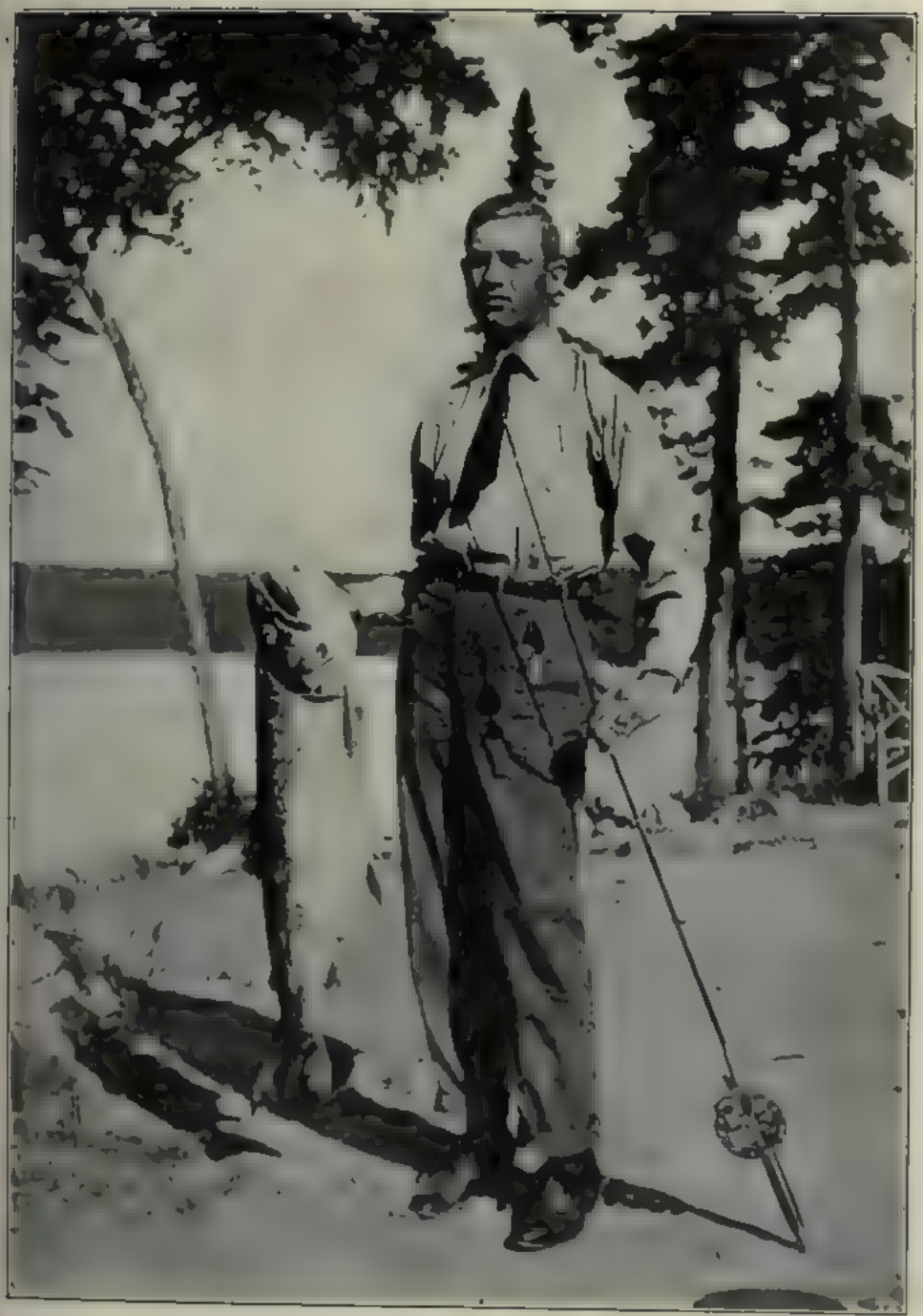
So the next day we went forth. We put that tackle down into 300 feet of water, changed the topograghy of the entire lake bottom, added fifteen years to the age of one Jim Friday, and came back with three fish weighing six, nine, and eleven pounds. Adams confessed to me, while Friday was cutting wood for dinner, that he did not think much of market fishing for recreation. But by nature he was a cheerful and well-disposed man and kept his temper—although his right arm was practically broken in two places near the elbow. It was very much like dragging a dead cow out of a corral to pull the Adams tackle across Lake Temagami. Adams and I both agreed that there wasn't much sport in it.

Back to the Inn

The next morning, the 19th of July, to be exact, the good ship *Chance* put into dock with a couple of New Yorkers on board. For purposes of identification, they afterwards became known as Bill Phillips and Jack Jones. Adams and I moved down on them in a solid mass and began to spread information. Adams even went so far as to show them his tackle

"That's the thing that gets 'em. It doesn't look attractive, but it certainly coaxes the big ones up. You are welcome if you want to try it," remarked Adams, his generous impulses getting the best of him.

But, somehow or other, Jones and Phillips didn't seem to take much interest in the paraphernalia. Instead, they sat around on the verandah and studied the landscape. Adams and I, more or less exhausted from the previous day's campaign.



A TWENTY-FIVE POUND GRAY TROUT
Taken from Lake Temagami by John Grimm, with a 9-oz. steel rod, copper wire line and No. 9 spinner

THOMAS B HALL AND THE TWO HEAVYWEIGHTS HE LANDED ONE LUNCH HOUR

sat there and whittled, wondering what the two taciturn New Yorkers had in mind

I have always had the impression that Phillips intended to say something that afternoon, and that Jones even wanted to open his heart. But as I look back, I can see now that they hadn't much opportunity for the cotton-broker still clung to the theory that he had the right kind of tackle, and I conceived it my duty to support him. If any party organization could get its henchmen to stand together as we did on the subject of deep-water trout fishing, it would be a simple matter to elect anybody president. We did considerable loose talking

But an awakening was due, for on the morrow Jones and Phillips appeared at the landing, bearing nine-ounce steel rods, upon which they had fixed an all-metal reel, four and one-half inches in diameter, with a one-inch spindle, upon which was wound 500 feet of No. 20 copper wire. This copper line was run through the regular guides on the steel rods while for bait they had woven on a large otter-tail spinner. They carried no sinkers whatever, the fineness of the wire and its weight causing it to sink rapidly to a great depth

By projecting their rods straight out, astern their canoes, the wire ran easily through the guides and the spinner went down in action all the way. A slow trolling speed did the rest. Phillips and Jones knew the game—knew it better than any one else who ever fished in those waters—and they came back that night with the full legal catch, four fish apiece, the heaviest weighing twenty-four and one-fourth pounds and the lightest fifteen. They fished for big fish only.

Have you ever been one of a small crowd of expectant anglers on a dock waiting for the boats to come in? If you have, you can appreciate some of the feelings stirred up in our breasts when the Jones-Phillips combination hove to at sundown I don't begrudge any man good fortune But I certainly do like to be present when he is achieving it. Adams is a man of similar tendencies. So we lost no time in getting down to brass tacks with Jones and Phillips in an effort to settle once and for all the subject in hand

As a preliminary, we bought up all the copper wire in that section of Canada equipped ourselves with big otter-tails and spinners, and rigged out for a dash into the deep. Adams surrendered his heavy batteries and joined the Light Tackle League. In the end everybody managed to catch some big trout. In fact, we got so many lunkers that it ceased to be a diver-

THESE TWO FISH WEIGHED TOGETHER JUST FORTY-FOUR POUNDS

sion, and we returned to the smaller, but no gentler, black bass

This big trout proposition, while it cannot be classed as real sport, is more or less exciting because of the size of the quarry. A fish weighing from fifteen to twenty-five pounds is quite a common thing in that neighborhood, and they have been known to go as high as thirty-five. Jones told me he had met a half-breed guide at Sandy Inlet who took one that weighed forty-one and one-half pounds. Heaven only knows what the weight would have been if Jones' informant had been a full-blooded buck.

Wait a minute. I think I have a bite!

And so it came about that on the following day every small boat that could be seized upon was put into commission, and a mixed navy of New York, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Newark, and Kansas City non-commissioned anglers, properly equipped with copper wire, made a dash for the open I qualified as second-mate to Captain Adams and got to the oars. The guides had all been gobbled up the night before But as Adams and I wanted to make some experiments that we thought could best be pulled off on the quiet, we were glad to be alone

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good When we got three miles from shore, far from prying eyes, and confidences could be exchanged, the cotton-broker, for the first time, opened his tackle-kit and let me gaze into its marvellous depths. I have never seen anything equal to it. It looked like a patent tool exhibit at the Paris Exposition He had everything there but fishing tackle.

"I believe in being ready for emergencies," he said, pulling out a combination tool device which, when opened, looked like a panoply of arms. It had everything from a machete to a rip saw. He pressed a small steel button at the base of the handle and disclosed enough drills to break into any safe deposit in Wall Street.

"You never can tell what will happen Many a time I have been up against it for a few tools, and if you are properly equipped, you can fix a rod, take a reel down, sharpen up your hooks, and, if necessary, repair a boat."

I think he had in mind the flagship *Connecticut*, or the *Dreadnought*, perhaps.

THIS IS THE TROUT THAT SLAPPED GRIMM'S FACE. THE FAT PARTY IS THE AUTHOR

"BEGINNER'S LUCK"
He couldn't help taking 'em

Adams was the most complete angler I ever saw

But, at all events, we went fishing. I dug up enough real fishing tackle from my kit to start the ball rolling, and we flung an otter tail overboard. She sank in about 250 feet of water, and I pulled slowly I had made a careful study of a ranger's map that came into my hands a few days before, and got the proper bearings. We were in water anywhere from 200 to 300 feet in depth, over a range perhaps half a mile long and 300 yards wide

Adams being a game party, let out all the wire he had—at least 500 feet—which fell at an angle that would bring it pretty close to the bottom in 250 feet of water We trolled more or less breathlessly for about ten minutes. Adams was sure he would get a thirty-pounder the first strike, and I was sure he would not. Anyhow, we were both excited about it,—whatever it was. Things were going along very smoothly when, all of a sudden, Adams yelled: "I'm dragging on the rocks." He jerked his spoon up once or twice and let it sag back again. "It's all right now. I think it has dropped off the ledge. I guess we are in the big hole. Go slowly."

At that instant his rod-tip was whipped into the water twice, followed by repeated, continuous shocks sent up from below. Then Adams opened the market by offering to bet one million dollars that he had the biggest fish in Temagami at the end of that copper line. He wanted to deliver two hundred thousand dollars' worth in June, three hundred thousand in August, and the balance any time after September 1st. Then he deliberately stood up in the boat and started to address the Board of Trade on the boll weevil. Really, he was absolutely raving crazy. He reeled in his fish more or less mechanically, with his eyes fixed on some frantic speculator shaking his fingers for a large block of cotton.

With a superhuman effort and much conversation that is not suitable for these pages, I got him to sit down. After a few tense seconds, he recovered himself and got back to the business of angling. He reeled that fish in five times, taking up anywhere from 350 to 450 feet of wire, and five times that trout went back into the depths again. The battle lasted nearly

MR. GEORGE DAVIS, THE KANSAS CITY WALTON WITH HIS FAMOUS GAFF

an hour, after which a togue weighing twenty-one and one-half pounds came up to the surface and went, belly up, into the sunlight. We lifted him in by the gills. Oh, yes; I know that isn't sport. It isn't angling. It isn't the real thing. But a trout of those dimensions is mighty good for a pair of eyes that has been looking all winter at the Flatiron Building, Broadway, and that bunch of paranoiacs down at the Cotton Exchange. I think I would much prefer to catch a good bass, anywhere from two and one-half to four pounds, and take him in the net.

Mr. Thomas B. Hall, a Camden attorney, went out one day, while the guides were cooking dinner, and returned in less than an hour with two trout—one of which weighed twenty-four and one-half pounds, and the other nineteen. The heavier fish was forty-four inches in length. They were as trim a pair of lunkers as anyone ever gazed upon.

On another occasion the writer went out with Mr. John Grimm. Grimm was a blonde person with blue eyes and an abiding faith in what he called "the Grimm luck." He said he did not care much about tackle as long as it held fish. So he pulled together a makeshift equipment and appointed the writer boatswain, an office which I passed along for $3.00 to a French-Canadian who doffed his hat to the name of Roderick Perron. We put away for deep water, and threw the lure into about 200 feet. The line was hardly taut before something fell upon it, down where it is nearly night, and the ball opened. Notwithstanding Grimm's faith in "the Grimm luck," he snaked that trout out about four times as fast as Grandpap used to snatch the old oaken bucket from the moss-covered well.

I was sitting in the stern of the boat, with a large gaff-hook, longing for an opportunity to pass the lemon. I hadn't long to wait, for in less than five minutes the fish loomed from the depths, assisted by "the Grimm luck," and made a half-turn with the evident intention of going back home. As I had acquired from Grimm some of his highly dramatic emotions, I flung the gaff wildly forward and down, and snatched it back again, yanking a twenty-six-pound fellow over the taffrail into the lap of Mr. John Grimm, of Pittsburg. Without any parley, whatever, it made two fillips of the tail and slapped Mr. Grimm a resounding smack on either cheek. It sounded as if somebody was spanking a child with a flounder. The last wallop succeeded in drawing a little blood from Grimm's nose. Then Mr. Togue slipped under the seat, and, in the language of Bret Harte, "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more."

Things then came our way and when the guides had shown us about everything there was in that section of Canada, there came upon the scene one George Davis, of Kansas City, a commission merchant. He was probably the first real angler who ever hit that section, and always dressed in perfect "form."

When he came down the gravel path in the morning, dressed in his khaki suit and his nobby Kansas City hat, it was a difficult thing to make any comparisons without getting the worst of it. He dug up from somewhere a gaff hook that greatly resembled a pair of ice-tongs. With this implement, if it had had a couple of shovels on the hooks, it would have been a simple matter to dig the Panama Canal. It snapped together automatically as soon as it struck the fish and made a noise like one of those old-time Mississippi yagers, blowing out its breachblock.

But George had the proper sporting instinct, and straightway threw his tackle-box overboard when he got wind of the copper wire and the spinner. What is more, he caught fish, and lots of them, and was the most persistent man in the district. Every time he took a togue, he sent a 200 word telegram to someone in Kansas City, and for the next two weeks stacks of K. C. newspapers came into Canada addressed to Mr. Geo. H. Davis. On the wrapper of each one could invariably read the magic words: "Marked copy"

Altogether, that Temagami tour last summer was a great trip, and I hope to make it again and to meet the old crowd out on the deep water, around the point, by the red rocks, where the wind comes out of the south and blows the spinner into the trout's mouth.

It is a wild country—a landscape of magnificent distances. But they can't lose me, as I feel certain that if George Adams is along, I shall find somewhere in that iron-bound grip of his a pocket-compass.

The Changeling

by Madge Macbeth

Author of "The Intruders" etc.

Illustrated by L. J. Herndon

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED

"Tell me things," urged Lorna. "It has been so long since I talked to a woman—really talked, you know."

"Yes; I know what you mean. I have very few friends among women, the ones who are really interesting don't want to bother with another woman, and the others are so engrossed in trading recipes for marmalade, or patterns for slip waists, I can't keep up my end of the conversation. And one can't really talk to men— Oh, aren't men tiresome!"

"Are they?" questioned Lorna.

Again Fay laughed. Her eyelids, heavily fringed, formed a crescent over her deep-set hazel eyes; she was good to look at.

"Most of them are. Now, there is one—"

"Oh, there is usually one—"

"Who is almost an enigma—I don't quite know the answer, although glimmerings of it read pretty much the same as the inevitable 'finis'."

"You mean—"

"That before long he will love, or fancy himself in love with me, and you know what that means—he will lose the sharpness which I admire and look for, and grow 'mushy' as the boys say. There will be long silences, full of sentiment, broken by a tremulous sigh, or worse, an awakening of his lower self to the power of which he will try to force me to yield myself; *then*, I shall hate him!"

"Does it make you hate a man—does it disgust you with him, to have him in love with you?"

Fay walked to the window, and stood looking out on the quiet street before answering. Then, coming slowly back to the couch, she seated herself upon it, and drawing her knees up to her chin, clasped her arms around them, looking solemnly from under her lashes at her companion.

"Lorna, there seems to be something left out of me. Many men have called it tenderness; they were wrong, however; it is not that. I am cruelly like my father—practical, analytical, cold, if you like, but only where a man is concerned. I love children, I love nature, music, art—I love a *mind*. But the appeal to the elemental woman is not here." She put her hand on her breast. "I can't thrill at the masculine touch; I can't succumb to the over-mastering passion with which men control some women, and the sight of it sickens me with a deadly nausea. Believe me, I am solemnly in earnest."

"I see you are," answered the woman, quietly, "go on."

"I like this man, Gordon Wylde; don't pun, and ask me whether I have tamed him; as I said, I am *afraid* I have; he comes nicely when I whistle, and will be fed from my hand." Fay shrugged her shoulders, carelessly. "I love his mind—he is like wine to me; I can't help being clever, amusing, even brilliant, when I am with him. He thinks that is my natural state," she shook her head, sadly. "I can't make him understand, *that* is the effect he has on me; my liking a person goes to my head, not to my heart—whatever that means—and as long as he stimulates me, I will be just as clever as he wishes, but the instant he forgets to master himself he will have no mastery over me; then I shall not only dislike him, but by reflex action, I will lose my charm for him, too. You know mercury has sometimes to go down."

"Not for everyone," suggested Lorna. "You are what is termed magnetic; I felt it as soon as I saw you, yesterday."

Fay blew a kiss from her finger tips.

"You are a dear! Everyone loves your type—deep, calm, even, self-reliant, sure. But me—bah, I'm nothing but head. Lord, don't think I am proud of my brains; they are just an inheritance, exactly as my nose is—an inheritance which I can't help. I am bitterly sorry I am not 'stupid but affectionate.' It would simplify so many, many things—Gordon, for instance."

"Don't you think you will ever love him?"

"Never," cried Fay, emphatically. "As long as Plato befriends us, and keeps his mind alive, Gordon will hold me, because he is really stronger than I am. But the instant our friend, Plato, gives the reins to Cupid—" she snapped her fingers, "I am done. The sight of a strong man struggling, begging, pleading for that which makes fools of men—an hour's love, which in a day they will forget—the gratifications of the moment's passion—" she covered her face with her hands and was silent. Then, when Lorna did not speak, she raised her face, which was drawn with the tenseness of a very real emotion, and continued:

"Not but there would be a twinge; I should certainly miss something. I should miss a great deal in losing Gordon," she repeated, slowly.

THE LITTLE SISTER TEARFULLY FLOURISHED A BROKEN DOLL

"However, as long as you disclaim any bond in his personality, another clever man could make that loss good," suggested Lorna, thinking to trick Fay into a confession of feeling more than a mental attraction for Mr. Wylde

"True," agreed the girl, "quite true. I would almost say any other clever *person*, except that most women don't exert themselves for other women. I have often thought about that contingency—the event of losing Gordon."

Lorna was struck, magnetized as it were, by the wonderful, melodious quality of Fay's voice. She made a weird little picture hunched up on the dark green couch, like a vivid blue flower, her jet black hair lying in heavy waves on her low forehead, her eyes glowing and deep, her wonderful voice still deeper—throbbing.

"I can understand men losing their heads about you," Lorna said, after a pause. "I myself feel quite under your spell just now."

Fay spread her hands wide, in a hopeless gesture. "That's just the point," she replied. "I seem to be a hypnotist as long as the spell lasts. I can concentrate on a person and be pretty sure of making him or her like me. I don't exactly feel conscious of it all the time, either; but I can make myself suit the role, which is most appealing to them, even my voice is a great asset. Oh," as Lorna started to speak, "don't imagine there are many phases of Fay Chester—her faults, virtues, shortcomings, powers, limitations, that I don't know. My peculiar position in life has made me hideously introspective. Let me repeat, I can do almost anything with anybody, *when I try*, and at the time I may not realize I am trying. But"—she leaned forward, impressively, "there comes the hour of letting go, then I see it—I see that I am tired, have lost interest in the person, or the particular subject does not appeal to me. In that moment I am deadly prosaic and tiresome; the fire is gone; I seem only a power, as long as I burn."

"But," interrupted Lorna, "don't you think there are moments when we are all like that—we can't always glisten, you know?"

"Yes, but the point I make is that I am only attractive, magnetic, if you like, when I try to be. When other people 'let go' there is still something in the smouldering ashes which holds the onlookers—with me there is nothing. Mrs. Corbett once told me it was because the contrast was too great. She said I taught people to expect me to sparkle, and when I did not they were bored In Gordon's case, we are much alike—when he stops trying, I lose a certain keenness, the stimulus is gone; when he grows sentimental, I simply stop thinking, and he finds me equally as dull as I find him. We each put our best mental foot forward and build in the hours we are together; there is a charm about it all, because we are not bound together. Being bound, the other

foot would protrude more often than agreeable, and we should look for outside material." She stopped a moment, then added: "People love you, because they can't help it—they love me because I make them. When I find a man who loves me when I don't amuse him, I will marry him, be he Hottentot or Esquimaux."

Lorna shook her head. "I can't believe that. Why if you only sat there, doing nothing, saying nothing, I should still be drawn to you."

Fay jumped lightly down from the couch and flung her arms impetuously around the other's neck.

"Dear girl," she cried, "I am indeed rich if I have made a conquest of you. Chester is the man among men to be envied. Tell me about yourself and him, Lorna; I have colored the whole of our morning's conversation with glaring vivid 'I's'. Is Chester getting on, as they say, and have you every thing to make you comfortable? I ask you bluntly because I want a blunt answer, and if you don't tell me, I can't help finding it out. Remember that I knew Chester before you did."

The pink crept into Lorna's cheeks, she tried to raise her eyes to the dark, serious ones above her, and to explain that Chester did as well as many another man, and that she believed the worst was past. She did not wish Fay to know that Chester had been satisfied, plodding dully along as he had at first, when it was hard to make suggestions to him without fear of offence.

"You need not answer," interrupted Fay, quickly. "I thought I could deduce correctly; good intentions, poor results; air castles, mud huts; half-formed resolutions, never fully carried out, and endless sacrifices —'getting used to things' from you. Oh, Lorna darling, let me help

Lorna took one of the girl's hands quietly from around her neck and patted it mechanically. Her eyes were dewy with tears, as they looked into a past fraught with briars and rough, sharpened stones. She was conscious of a disappointment in herself, that somehow she had been unable to hide Chester's weakness from his cousin.

"Don't open sores which should be healed," she begged. "It is not Chester's fault, poor boy, and as God hears me, Fay, I am happy. My greatest trial is the realization that Chester will never be a 'success,' that he will see his friends and contemporaries leaving him behind, and that it will probably embitter him. To answer your question, we are getting on better than we have since our marriage, and if Mr. Northrop can persuade him to let speculations alone, I do not fear for our future. Don't let us ever speak of this again—there's a good girl."

A shrill cry from the nursery came as a timely interruption, and Edward burst into the room, followed by his little sister, who savagely flourished a broken china doll. Nanny, the faithful nurse, puffed her ample form through the door, calling:

"R-r-r-un, me b'y, r-r-r-un! A good r-r-run is better than a bad battle! Excuse me interruptibility, ma'am," she apologized, "but these young scamps are just afther havin' a hospital in the nursery, and the docther there"—pointing to Edward—"amphithated the wrong soldier!"

CHAPTER IV.

THREE months slipped by, and summer was at its height. Fay frequently spoke of going south, but the Sayres would not hear of such a thing.

"It is deadly here, now," Chester said; "wait until the autumn, and get a taste of our northern climate at its best. Lorna will be quite fit by then and you two can do society."

"If the dowager who called yesterday is a sample of the elite, I would better go at once, dear cousin," answered Fay, "for I should certainly ruin Lorna's chances, if thrown often with her."

"Whom does she mean?" Chester asked his wife.

"Mrs. Jerrold Patterson did us the honor of calling yesterday, and Fay did not like her."

"Like her!" echoed the girl, "I loathed her. Insufferable creature! Don't delude yourself with the idea that you have any friend in her, Lorna. She is a friend only as long as it appeals to her quasi-religious notions of 'doing good'. Something like my father, Chester—sacrifices some one else at any cost, then salves her conscience during months of cruelty with the remembrance of some trivial good deed. She is the patronizing kind who performs a misplaced act of charity, and then gets even with herself by stinging the victim into the bargain. You can take my word for it, she will go to the next place on her visiting list and say"—

Fay mimicked the toneless voice of Mrs. Patterson perfectly—"I looked in on *that* Mrs. Sayre just now; not that I ever approve of taking up new comers until I know exactly who they are but I heard she had a young baby and thought I would tell her about the improved bottle heaters they have at Kemp's. I go out of my way, doing little things like that, of which no one ever hears, and for which I get no thanks. However, it is a duty and the voice of one's conscience must be obeyed."

Northrop, who had come in during this speech, joined in the laugh which followed, asking finally whether any of them knew that Mrs. Patterson had a grown son.

"Why, no," exclaimed both Sayre and his wife, "has she?"

Northrop nodded. "Yes, poor devil! He seems a melancholy chap, twenty-four or five, I should say, always with a tutor or companion attached to him. I often meet him in the library, where he is apparently struggling to get something new along scientific lines, and from what I can glean from his conversation with the tutor, that is hard to find—he seems to know it all. But he seems so deadened and—er—lifeless, and is, to all appearances, entirely oblivious to the existence of anyone else on the globe. They say—doesn't that condone a huge amount of scandal?—they say, his mother has never allowed him a friend; has never allowed him to read a book that she has not first read, and that he is never permitted to stir out of the tutor's sight."

HE SEEMS A MELANCHOLY CHAP, ALWAYS WITH A TUTOR ATTACHED TO HIM

"It doesn't seem possible!" cried Fay, with genuine indignation, "either that a mother would condemn her child to a living death, like the experiment of Kaspar Hauser, or that the child would suffer it. I can't see how he would not get desperate and break loose. Poor, poor boy! Why, do you know I should really like to undertake his future education. I have never had to deal with absolutely raw material. What a chance for the Potter!"

"Shame, Fay," Chester reproached her. "Take a man your own size."

The maid brought in the mail, most of which was for Sayre, but one letter she handed to Miss Chester. Fay waited until the two men had gone into the smoking room, where they wished to talk over some scheme for investment, in which Sayre had great faith, but which did not appeal particularly to Northrop, then she turned impatiently to Lorna.

"From Gordon," she said, tearing open the envelope and reading. "He wants to come here for two or three weeks."

"Well?"

"Well, I wish he would let me alone, that's all. I don't feel sharp enough to cope with him, somehow."

Lorna smiled, sagely.

"Oh, yes," Fay replied, as though in answer to a spoken remark, "I am perfectly honest with my conscience. I always am. That's the secret of my cheerfulness. When I find myself out of sorts and worried, I make a careful analysis, and put the real trouble into words. There's nothing like the effect of words upon the ear, far greater than an unspoken thought upon the mind."

"For instance?"

"Say to oneself: 'I am fretful to-day. Now why?' Say it aloud. Because—in my case, because Gordon is coming and I am neither prepared to bring matters to a head, neither am I capable of holding him long without a crisis. I don't want to marry him and I don't want to let him go. What's to be done?" She laughed merrily. "There's a clean sweep, Mrs. Sayre; don't you agree with me? And, believe me, it is much clearer that way, than if I had thought over the pros and cons for a week. When you speak, every word tells. When you think you are apt to slur over something accusing and unpleasant and go on to the next chapter, as it were."

"What an original little thing you are," Lorna said, laughing. Then growing serious, "I will remember that, though, and try to practice it. One of the hardest things in life is to be honest with oneself."

Fay wrote Wylde a letter urging him not to come, to which he paid no heed. He arrived at the Sayre's house one morning just as Fay was starting for a walk.

She looked carefully into a mirror, rearranged her tie and veil, and went slowly to the drawing room. Her heart beat somewhat faster than usual—not, however, from any physical excitement consequent upon seeing Wylde; rather a subconscious thought which entailed a struggle, a fight for supremacy, a knowledge that she must keep strong.

She shook hands in silence

The man feasted his keen eyes on the trim figure before him, so full of life and energy. He held Fay's hand in a close, compelling clasp and forced her eyes to meet his.

"Gordon—the master," she said ironically, conscious of his purpose—"sometimes! Did you have a tiresome trip?"

"How banal," he jeered. "Quite unlike you. I can almost flatter myself you are embarrassed, and sparring for wind. Question, 'Why is she embarrassed?' Answer, 'Because she is overcome with joy at seeing him'. Am I right?"

"You never read me more incorrectly," declared Fay, slowly. "Truth to tell, I am not particularly glad to see you—I suppose you got my letter—and I want to be peaceful and stupid."

"Your flattery is subtle," laughed the man, happily. "I am already repaid for coming You were going out, let me come too."

On the way to the park, Fay was conscious of a change in Gordon. His deference to her, always obvious, was tinged with the suggestion of a dominant force, which intruded itself upon her, unpleasantly. It was as though he were trying to impress her with his power. She fully realized that what was a mental strain to her was no effort to Wylde, and that he could endure much longer in a mental tilt than she could.

But she smiled almost contemptuously, thinking of the extent of her power over him, knowing how quickly she could make him forget his own superiority, and submerge him in a bog of sentiment and unconquerable passion.

"So you say your wits are dulled. Well,

forewarned—you know. However, don't apologize. I did not come these thousand miles to probe their keenness, but rather the temperature of that important organ, commonly known as the heart."

"It largely resembles the stock market," answered Fay.

"Fluctuates?"

She nodded.

"Par," she said, indifferently, and looked away

Gordon sat down. "A remarkable woman got into my car," he said. "She was not a beauty, by any means, but I was struck by her poise—one so seldom sees it, nowadays."

"I am deeply interested—pray continue," Fay broke in. "Of course you managed on

FAY WISHED TO RETAIN GORDON'S FRIENDSHIP, THOUGH WITH LOVE

"Let's have to-day's quotations," urged Wylde, waiting until his companion sat down on a shady bench.

The girl looked at him a moment in silence; again she was conscious that he knew his own worth, and it behooved her to be careful

some pretext or another, to ascertain her name, residence, age, religion and favorite flower.

Wylde shook his head. "Quite the contrary—I did not speak to her—she is totally unconscious of my existence. The car stopped a few blocks from the station, and

this girl got in. She neither tripped on her skirt, nor fell into the first seat near the door. Even when the car started suddenly, she refrained from casting herself into the lap of your humble servant—nor did she step on anyone's toes as the car turned a corner, before getting to the seat she had selected. Furthermore, she impressed me as recognizing the fact that she was already fully dressed."

He stopped, evidently expecting to be prompted.

"I own to being somewhat obtuse; the point of being fully dressed is a little vague."

Gordon turned to Fay in mock surprise.

"Have you never been struck by the antics the ordinary woman performs in a car? She takes off the right glove, and after blowing in it, lays it carefully under that inevitable shopping-bag; then she removes the gold bar at the base of her false curls, and holds it in her mouth while rearranging several visible hairpins, after which she plaits—or is it gathers?—her veil into a knot, removing the bar from between pursed lips and pinning it. Finally, after keeping the conductor waiting ten minutes—for five cents—the 'dear thing' opens the first lock of the bag, takes out a small purse, being careful to lock the aforesaid bag before commencing operations on the purse. The second combination being handled successfully, there is still an inner pocket, or compartment, which needs manipulating. Inside this there are three invisible hair pins, a glove button, a programme pencil, half of a gentleman's visiting card and ten cents. The unlocking and locking necessary to the insuring of the five cents change take just as much time as the first operation, so that the minutes pass pleasantly thus, until my lady's street is reached."

Fay laughed lightly.

"It is rather good to hear you," she exclaimed, with a frank smile. "So this paragon did none of these things? Oh, I know her."

"Really?" asked Gordon.

"Yes, really. There is only one person answering to your negative description; my cousin, Mrs. Chester Sayre."

Wylde whistled.

"She must have been on her way to market," Fay continued. "Seriously, Gordon, I am reveling in my first real friendship. Lorna is the most restful companion I have ever had. Not the tiresome sort, you know, leading one continually through pleasant fields of holy writ, and that sort of rubbish. She is alive and keen, but always gives the impression of reserving something better than that which I see. Do you follow me?"

Wylde nodded with appreciation. "Oh, yes, and while you speak, I instantly compare her with you. I compare everyone with you," he said, earnestly, "do you realize that, Fay?"

Ignoring the question, Chester's cousin took up the thread of Gordon's first remark.

"Yes, the contrast is great enough there. I am a spendthrift, an extremist, in spite of father's training. I give all or nothing. In fact, I often hoodwink people into believing there is a capital when there is nothing. You are one of the gullible ones."

"Why, little Fairy," answered the man, softly, "I know you better than you know yourself."

He had not intended to show his hand so soon, feeling a delicious consciousness of his own power. He well knew his worth among women, and until his meeting with this girl, had considered himself immune from the snares of feminine guile. Something in her very repellant attitude towards him, however, had attracted him, and to-day she appealed to every fibre of his being. He thrilled at the sound of her voice, warm with a sweet tenderness in speaking of her friend; he longed to touch her, to hold her vibrating form close to his, to gloat over his physical power. He could not reconcile with her the words which she had often spoken, expressing sentiments so much at variance from her type.

"I could forget the world in a kiss," he had said one night, looking hungrily at Fay's mouth. Gordon had hitherto been accustomed to gratify such cravings, too.

Fay laughed.

"Could you? I could not! I should either be thinking of the broken bones in my collar, or be listening to the clock ticking, or wondering whether or not there was any chance of someone suddenly appearing in the doorway."

"You should not say things like that," admonished Wylde. "They imply an absence of something sublime, which makes a woman man's superior."

"There is absolutely no superiority here, then," answered the girl, "I am as trivial and petty as an alley cat. The heights are not for me. How two people can tolerate

each other wading through an evening of maudlin sentimentality, is beyond my limited comprehension."

"Don't," Gordon begged, "you can't mean it."

"I will give you a proof," the girl persisted. "Try saying these same things to some one who does not attract you—better still, try saying them to yourself, with varying accents and intonations, and see whether you don't burst out laughing."

"Fay, you are ridiculous," said the man, impatiently. "Such a stand for a woman to take. I am going to say it now—I love you. Does that make you laugh?"

"Surely, it does. Don't do it again. I have a stereotyped answer for that, with accompanying gestures and expressions. Look!" (she assumed an air of intolerable boredom). "Et tu Brute! Now you will know what to expect."

And Gordon had been wise enough to drop the subject.

Just now he was conscious of a desire to win her, to master her, at any cost. He had never felt the same toward any other woman, they had seemed much easier prey, as it were.

(To be continued)

ALBERTA'S RETREATING FRONTIER

BY KATHERINE HUGHES

JUST as St. Paul and Minneapolis emerged forever from the wild and woolly period a couple of decades or more ago—so Edmonton and Strathcona, their prototypes in the Last West, stand out now with naive, youthful consciousness as modern cities and peer north and west over the plains for the retreating frontier.

It is noteworthy that in the earlier history of the West on both sides of the border there was little consciousness of such evolution and still less note made of it. Chicago and St. Paul, however speedy their growth in size, made no such leaps from frontier posts to the conditions of an embryo metropolis; nor did they, to such an extent, analyze their evolution in the world's eye. In the Canadian West the introspective spirit has not been smothered by the cheery, hustling, development of commerce.

This is perhaps more apparent in Edmonton, seat of Alberta's government, than elsewhere. Probably the most conclusive factor in developing this self-conscious spirit recently has been the announcement of Premier Rutherford's railway policy. The members of his government now take it as their first duty to gridiron the province with railways. That means much, for in this epoch of state-directed immigration, it is only necessary for the steel rails to be laid in some fertile stretch of back-country: and, presto! the whole surface-tide of civilization—steam-threshers, gramophones and Lipton limericks—sweeps in after it.

The past six months brought many portents of the speedy development of the North Country, a region as vast in extent as the aggregate area of half the old-world principalities—the last alluring land of mystery on this continent, the land from which the "Canada Fakers" reap their harvest. These omens of the future include the organization of a regular public school in the Prairie River settlement, 300 miles north and west of Edmonton; of railways and of similar schools, in what is a patch of surveyed townships on a big blank portion of the map. Likewise the new route to the Arctic by Edmonton and the Mackenzie waterways was set down with all the definiteness of a railway time-table. And finally there has been a newspaper established on the latest frontier. It was printed for several issues on manila paper and the type was sadly mixed at times, but it is quibbling to emphasize faults such as these in frontier enterprise.

The essential thing is that the North Country has a paper of its own, a public school for white children instead of mission-schools for Indians, and it is beginning to talk of projecting a tourist route to the Midnight Sun at the Arctic on the mouth of

the Mackenzie. So Edmonton may for some months continue to be the jumping-off place for railways, but it has lost the frontier and the rare, wild charm that can never cling about the new city with its modern street-cars, its bustling streets and its garish shop-windows.

Over 225 miles north and west of Athabasca Landing, where this paper is printed, are the old trading post and mission of Lesser Slave Lake. It is between these two posts the frontier has halted, just at the end of the stage-line. Beyond these are the rich mineral-ribbed banks of the Athabasca, the superb waterways of the Mackenzie watershed (over 2,000 miles in length), and to the west the fertile, Chinook-kissed valley of the Peace River and the equally rich plains of the Liard. So it is only for the present that the frontier lies at the little hamlets of the landing and the lake.

Both of these settlements are clamoring for railways—their leisurely dreams are disturbed by the ghostly rumblings of roads-to-be; and shrewd outsiders, whose surveying parties or scouts have informed them of the immense, undeveloped riches of the north country, are planning to carry lines in there to mine these vast resources These men are as full of fine daring and as confident of the Last West's future as were the men who thirty years ago, girdled Canada with its first through railway. The roads they plan will run west and north, and will push the frontier back still further.

For it has been abundantly proved by the construction policy of the past five years that a railway only needs to be dropped across the prairie for a thriving population to spring up beside it at intervals of stations. Fifty new towns and villages have fairly leaped into existence in Alberta during the past three years, along the main lines of the new Grand Trunk Pacific, the Canadian Northern Railway and the branch lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The first passenger train to run from Winnipeg last September over the Grand Trunk Pacific carried two hundred men from the Western States anxious to locate homesteads or buy land in the Tramping Lake district!

The transformation of a stretch of grassy prairie into wheat fields and brisk young towns with aggressive advertisements and brazen false fronts on its business-blocks has been nothing short of marvelous. Stettler, on the Lacombe branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, simply did not exist when the steel rails were laid. Nine months later a live town of some hundreds had grown up there. During the past autumn the town site of Alberta's youngest village—sixty miles west of Edmonton on the Grand Trunk Pacific grade—was placed on the market. A few weeks later it counted its possessions as four stores, a livery, a hotel, several houses and a sawmill which last had been built a few months before in anticipation of the railways. At Outlook, an embryonic town on the newest Canadian Pacific Railway branch, similar development was recorded. In both cases while the town-to-be was crystallizing, the railway was only in course of construction. But a tocsin had sounded—"The railway is coming!" and therein was the magic.

Edmonton during the last year, was so self-impressed with its duty as a gateway-city to the big north country tributary to it, that the Board of Trade had definite schedules of transportation and time-tables prepared for the yearly-increasing number of travellers into the hinterland—west to the Rockies and north to the Arctic with its marvelous Midnight Sun. These schedules for steamer, stage and dog-trains, compiled by H. M. E. Evans and J. K. Cornwall, combine quaint outland names of stopping-places such as Shaginappi's and Archie's Cappoo's and historic forts like Chipweyan and Simpson with the most up-to-date press-work.

The schedules, valuable for the moment, will in another decade be fit matter for city records when the more prosaic railway has replaced the alluring trails to the wilds. Already the quickening hope of the iron steed has penetrated hundreds of miles north of Edmonton. Every visitor to the north last summer came out with the news—"They are looking for railways in there soon." And small wonder when so many survey-parties have traversed the valley of the Peace, and already definite plans are being made for a line to tap the Mackenzie district.

When the first railway does reach old Fort Vermilion, over 700 miles away from Edmonton and far back from the present frontier, it will find a grist-mill operated by electricity and houses lit by it; a few steam-threshers, a pure-bred dairy herd and a small settlement of farmers who raised over 20,000 bushels of grain last season. And all out and about Vermilion and Liard and

Chipweyan are the wild virgin-lands as free of civilization's imprint as Wyoming and Nevada were when St. Paul was beginning to have civic aspirations

It is down on the present frontier at Athabasca Landing, Edmonton's little outpost, that the "Northern Light," that first paper of the North Country is published Its early issues were rather larger than the note-paper limitations of the first newspaper printed by Frank Oliver on the hand press he freighted in from Winnipeg in 1881 in a Red River cart, while its columns continue as quaintly local and as generally uninforming as are those of every primitive publication.

The paper is interesting only as a frontier edition, but taking everything into consideration, the organized school-district, the paper and the survey-parties indicate that the North Country has awakened from the long slumber that has enveloped it since the days of man began. It is like some young giant awakening, slowly—heavily at first, but with a splendid consciousness at last of his own great possibilities

THE WIDOW'S DOWER

BY WILDAN McBRIDE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. A. WESTON

Great wits grow mad, and small ones only dull;
Distracting cares vex not the empty skull,
They seize on heads that think, and hearts that feel;
As flies attack the—better sort of veal.

—Charles Lamb.

THE maples around Johnston Goulder's farm were turning to gold, but the fields lay sere and brown as a group of farmers sat about the bar in the Derry Down tavern in Claybourn county.

Harry White, who had just been gazing down the deserted, hard-beaten clay road stretching southward to town, walked in behind the bar, and leaned his bare elbows upon it.

"They tell me," he said, rolling his cigar under his tongue, "that Johnston's widow will lose everything, what with the debts he has and the mortgage. It's pretty tough for her and the children, ain't it now?"

"Yes, the mortgage is being foreclosed," said stout, kindly old Duncan McVannell. "The way such sales go there is not likely to be much left for the family."

Josiah Ogletree took his cowhide boots down from the rail of the rusty bar stove, threw away the core of the apple he was eating noisily, and his grey eyes gleaming under his shaggy, red eyebrows, burst forth:

"Serves 'em right," he said, with a sneer that came easily to his face. "Probably they won't be so all fired stuck up now They had two hundred of the finest acres in Ontario, and might a been rich. But the boys must go to college, and the girls must have pianos and live like city big-bugs with high-collared dudes from town hanging around They'd been better making butter than playing tennis. Johnston Goulder had a much better chance than I had, and I ain't got a mortgage on my place. But my family can't afford tennis and all sorts of high falutin'."

"That's so," said Harry White, with the least suspicion of the flicker of an eyelid at Duncan McVannell, who laughed silently below where his waist band once was

"Mine can," promptly cut in Alexander Smith, "and I have not as much money as you, Josiah. When they wanted pianos, games, books or any other reasonable thing they got them. I gave them the chance to earn them, they value them for that reason. If we want our boys to stay on the farm, and our girls, too, we've got to make it a pleasant place for them. It was poor Johnston's bad management that put him in the hole, not his family, for he has one of the finest in the country."

The assembled farmers smiled their appreciation, all except Josiah who frowned and growled out that young people now seemed to think more of a good time than work.

"Fast horses done for Johnston," volunteered Bill Davies, who is, and always will be a hired man, full of second hand wisdom.

"You're wrong Bill," drawled Duncan McVannell, "It was horses that were just

a wee mite too slow. Johnston wanted to be a scientific farmer, but he wasn't scientific enough. He never managed to breed quite the best. It wasn't fast horses, it was slow horses, Bill, and let this be a warning to you." Whereat Duncan laughed till his fat cheeks became purple, and a neighbor smote him on the back smartly.

"Say, Josiah, how about that thoroughbred colt you sold him? It didn't turn out very well, did it?" asked Harry White, again drooping an eyelid at McVannell

"The colt was all right. It was him didn't know how to handle it," said Josiah shortly, darting a keen glance at the solemn-faced landlord. There was a joke hidden somewhere—jokes have long lives in the country—and the laughter was so general that Josiah had to accept the landlord's broad hint, and stand drinks for the crowd. He reached down into a deep purse, and selecting a coin of just the right size laid it gently upon the bar.

"It's a wonder Johnston didn't have some insurance on his life," Alex Smith remarked after a pull at his lemonade.

"Yes," replied Duncan McVannell, "it would come in handy just now to clear off his debts."

"Oh if he'd a looked after his business there would be no debts," said Josiah. "Huskins up to town tried to get him and me to put on $10,000. Why it'd a cost the price of a good team. I ain't paying big salaries to men like Huskins."

"And you talked that way to Johnston, who looked on you as a friend," said Alex Smith, sternly. "I guess he'd a put it on only for you, and things would be different now."

"When is the sale?" asked kindly Mc Vannell, who saw a dispute in prospect.

"What sale? Goulder's?" said a man who had just come in. "There will be no sale. I met Tom up in town. He has just got back from the West, and has fixed things up with the lawyers, so his mother will not lose the place. Fine fellow Tom's grown to be. We used to laugh at him when he was mooning around thinking more of books than his work on the farm. Say, he's got a ranch out in Alberta, and a coal mine, too. They tell me he's quite a big man in his town."

"Tom is all right, always was," said McVannell, his friend in youth. "I always told people there was more in his head than those who laughed at him 'cause he was interested in other things than what they was. I hope I'll see him."

"Can they do that by law?" asked Josiah, with his bushy eyebrows hiding his eyes.

"Of course they can," said Alex. Smith. "It was their money they wanted, not the farm."

"Were you thinking of buying the farm, Josiah?" asked McVannell, with a gentle voice and an innocent manner which caused so much laughter that Josiah left abruptly.

It was a shrewd guess. Josiah had

IN THE BAR ROOM JOSIAH OGLETREE CRITICIZED THE GOULDERS HARSHLY, WITH THE SNEER THAT CAME SO EASILY ON HIS FACE

several thousands saved up in the bank for that very purpose. The news of Tom's return was a sad blow to his hopes, for being a gay widower Josiah hoped not only to win the farm but in time the widow. Johnston had been dead now for six months, and surely his widow could not refuse such a handsome man as himself with so much to offer for a wife.

Josiah walked down the road and up through the orchard in deep thought. The winning of the widow with an assured home of her own was, he knew, a different thing to winning her with her home gone and her children scattered. Arrived at the barn he appeared to have reached a decision He got out the top buggy, and harnessed his favorite mare Then having shaved and dressed in his best he drove off to town. Here he called upon Mrs. McMillan, a widow, who owned a pretty home in town and a fine farm in the rear of his own. If a woman is as young as she looks then the widow was not old. She was shrewd-looking, but with an appearance of good nature. She was now childless, the last of her three sons having given up his life in a skirmish of outposts out in South Africa. She had not been blind to the attentions of Josiah in the past. She knew he had enemies who accused him of being close, but a provident disposition was not a crime in her eyes. She was alone in the world, and she did not like loneliness. The evening was drawing in as she ushered Josiah into her immaculate parlor. But let us pause on the threshold, for the love of such as these is not to be exposed to prying eyes. Suffice it to say Josiah drove home through the moonlight, a happy and engaged man. He chirruped to the mare whose hoofs sounded cheerily on the hard road; and, as she slowed down in the barnyard, he looked at his watch, and said: "You've cut down the time five minutes old girl, pretty good that." Horses seemed to like Josiah's hard driving wherein they differed from his fellow-men.

LAWYER BRIMSTOW RECEIVED JOSIAH GRACIOUSLY

Before he entered the house, for he did not indulge in the luxury of a bedroom lamp, he again looked at his gold watch, and chuckled. It was one which had been carried by the late lamented McMillan, and was a substantial love token.

As he laid himself down to rest Josiah congratulated himself on his day's work. He sighed over the loss of the widow Goulder and her fine farm, for the Josiahs envy the Goulders of the world much as they affect to despise them. But he had snatched victory from defeat like many another brave general Not that he knew much about generals or such folk as get into books, but he did know much about dealing with other men. The widow McMillan had a good share of this world's goods, enough for both, and the subdued ticking of the watch under his pillow rather soothed the spirit of the calculating Josiah, who loved

money and the substantial, visible things money could buy.

A disturbing thought found lodgment in his mind after a time, that when she became his wife the widow would have a right to a share in his own property. "Dower right" the lawyers called it. Josiah remembered that his wife who had gone had made trouble over selling off the old homestead, which had been granted by the Crown under George IV. to his grandfather. She had silly objections to parting with the family inheritance, and signed the deed of sale, reluctantly. She seemed to value more highly the silly, sentimental associations with the old home than the money he was making. What weighed with him was his selling dear and buying better land cheap. Gradually, the puzzle took shape in his mind how to obtain possession of the widow's property without giving her any control of his own. Now Josiah was a member in good standing in his church, but he did not believe it was more blessed to give than to receive. He fell asleep at last, but his dreams were troubled. So often does the worm canker the heart of the fairest appearing fruit.

Next day he drove to town, and was closeted long with Mr. Brimstow, an attorney of note and worldly possessions, who was not held in high esteem by his fellows in the law. Through jealousy, as he would tell you, they had attempted to take away his gown, but the attempt failed—through a Scottish verdict of "not proven," said his enemies. Mr. Brimstow admired most men who got on in the world, and yet, strangely enough, had made most of his money from men who had failed to get on in the world. To the jealousy and rancour of such men he attributed the evil that was said of him.

Mr. Brimstow, who knew his financial rating accurately, received Josiah very graciously. When Josiah asked about the law as to a wife's dower rights, Mr. Brimstow answered, purposely, in a mist of words and legal phrases. He wanted to know what was in his client's mind.

"Am I right in surmising, Mr. Ogletree, that you contemplate entering into the holy state of matrimony?" he asked, washing his plump, white hands, and smiling upon Josiah. There were those who said this smile was oily and his redundancy of phrase a pose, but great men are ever misunderstood

"That's a good guess," replied Josiah with such a knowing smile as who should say "You know how it is, we cannot resist them, can we?"

"Ah, but you're a sly dog, Josiah. Well! Well! Allow me to congratulate you," and he insisted on shaking hands effusively.

"What did you say the lady's name was?" he asked briskly.

"I didn't say what her name was," retorted Josiah, drawing down his bushy eyebrows, and running his hand through his sleek, reddish whiskers

The lawyer, who, despite his greatness, loved gossip, was baffled, but carried it off with an easy grace, coming down to the business in hand.

"No! You wanted to know what right of dower a wife has in her husband's property." Thereupon he explained the law with precision and clearness.

"That is the law, is it?" asked Josiah in a hesitating voice.

"Yes," said Mr. Brimstow, with decision.

"There was a long pause, and Josiah, looking keenly at the lawyer with his sharp eyes hidden by his eyebrows, remarked, "There are ways of getting around many things in your profession, aint there?"

With much circumlocution of phrase, Mr. Brimstow admitted as much, remarking that often what was called the fiction of the law could be set aside, but the process was costly. His enemies in the profession never had cause to complain of the smallness of Mr. Brimstow's charges.

Josiah kept his eyes upon the lawyer and the main point, asking abruptly, "And how could the Dower Law be set aside in my case?"

The final arrangement was that Josiah should register his property in the names of his sons, and Saturday, the thirtieth of September, was the day fixed for signing the papers

Now these dutiful sons had attained the age of manhood, but had not been allowed to handle money of their own, for Josiah did not encourage boys in extravagance. They had made some money in horse trading, and such huxtering as was open to them, by which means the wits are sharpened but fine distinctions of honor are apt to be pushed into the background. When with great diplomacy, the situation was explained to them, they, with equal diplomacy and tact, expressed hearty approval of the scheme. Nevertheless, they took occasion

to visit Mr. Brimstow, and have the situation thoroughly explained. Having learned the thing you want badly is worth paying for, they signed a paper, and as Mr Brimstow let them out, he said, "Yes! Yes! It is understood, the deeds will be absolute deeds of gift to each of you." Henry and James paid freely where Josiah paid grudgingly. With all his smartness, when it came to legal documents, Josiah had to trust to his legal adviser, for he could not abstract the meaning from the technicalities, and he so he signed what was set before him. And congratulated himself that he had removed the fly from the ointment of his prospective marital bliss.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Ogletree spent the winter on a honeymoon trip to British Columbia and California, at her expense. She had sisters in these places whom she had long desired to see, and she took Josiah along and treated him with wifely pride and consideration that should have proved to him he had won a treasure greater than he had dreamed. Josiah expanded in these sunny climes, and enjoyed life with a zest of which he had not thought he was capable, a zest that comes from living luxuriously at no expense to one's pocket.

"FOR THE LAND'S SAKE, LUCY GOULDER, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?" BURST FROM THE ASTONISHED JOSIAH

They returned to find their own land sweet with the smell of clover and of fruit blossom and lilac, and their hearts were aglow at the home coming. If Josiah had been able to realize at any time how much of life such small things are, he might have found a degree of happiness and content where he reaped bitterness and sorrow.

"Josiah, dear," said Mrs. Ogletree, "our trip has cost us a powerful lot of money, and as Judge Gibbon writes me his family likes my house so well they would like to rent it for another year, I think we had better rent it, and live out on the farm."

As the rent was a consideration, Josiah agreed, and, after dinner at the hotel, they drove out to the farm. As they drew near, Josiah could not realize it was the same place. The "snake rail fence was replaced by one of woven wire which set off the double row of maple trees along the front of the farm. The meadow in front had become a clipped lawn, and the house was transformed by those touches that make a house a home Inside, someone was playing a gay air upon a piano, and as their wheels grated upon the gravel, a young woman dressed in the daintiest of muslins ran to the door

"For the land's sake, Lucy Goulder, what are you doing here?" burst from the astonished Josiah.

"Why, I've come here to live for good," said Lucy, blushing divinely, and laughing with happiness.

"Did you not get Henry's letter? Why, we've been married for three months."

"And where is Mary?"

"Goodness gracious me! You seem to be in for surprises. Did you not get her letter either? Why she and Harry Brown were married just a week ago, and are now in Quebec city. You know she always did want to see Quebec."

"I suppose James is married, too," said Josiah with a very wan attempt at a smile

"No; not yet, but he and my sister, Janet, hope to be married on the first of July. So you see there have been changes since you left, but do come in," she said, holding out her hand to assist Mrs. Ogletree from the buggy.

When Henry had come in from the fields, and they had sat down to a supper in which fresh strawberries and cream figured, and Josiah found the table covered with dainty napery and set with taste, he looked around upon his old home as at a strange place. He was ill at ease, but Lucy and his wife had so much to tell each other there was little pause in the conversation.

"Where did you get the money to make all these changes?" he asked, dazedly, of Henry when they had all adjourned to the screened verandah, where the men could enjoy a smoke.

"Oh, the whole thing only cost a few hundred in money," replied Henry, lightly, but not altogether at ease. "Mostly it meant a little work, and as for the money I got that from the bank in town "

Josiah was too stunned to suitably comment on this, and Henry went on, "The improvement has added three times its cost to the value of the place, and when he found what I wanted it for the bank manager had no hesitation in lending me the money on my note."

"Where are you going to live now, father?' he asked, flicking an ash from his cigar, and giving little time for any observation his father might wish to make in his financing.

"As her house is still rented, Sarah and me was thinking we would come out here to live," he replied, but it was not the old forceful Josiah that spoke.

"I fear that would not suit our arrangements at all. You see Lucy and I are just starting our life together, and we would not care to have any one else in our house just now. You will no doubt understand how—'

"The house is mine," thundered Josiah, drawing down his brows, and darting a glance at his son before which he had quailed often. Not now, however.

"You are quite mistaken, father," he replied suavely. "The farm is mine by absolute deed of gift made by you on the thirtieth of September last. Here is a copy of the deed. I thought you might like to see it. The duplicate is registered in the County Registry Office "

The women had been listening quietly to this conversation, and gazing around on the grateful greenness of the earth, but Mrs. Ogletree awoke to the realties of life quickly.

"Let me see that deed," she said, quietly. When she had read it, she asked, "Why did you do this, Josiah?"

Josiah stumbled and stuttered but could make no reply, for he realized his wife was the stronger, mentally and morally.

"I'll tell you why you did it," she went on, quietly. "You wanted to cheat me out of my right of dower." Then the storm broke, but we will spare Josiah's feelings and refrain from repeating the denunciations poured out upon him in a flood of restrained wrath and scorn. In the end she snatched his watch from him, and remarked bitterly, "And to think I gave you the watch once worn by a man. Be off, I don't want to ever see your face again."

Josiah went off to the Derry Down tavern, and told Harry White how hard he had been used, the while tears coursed down his face, and into the strong liquor of which he took more than was usual with him, more than was good for him. Harry always had a thirst for the details of every transaction in the neighborhood, and he got them in full from Josiah.

"Say, Josh," he asked at length, "what ever prompted you to sign them deeds anyway? What was your object?"

"Do you think I wanted her to enjoy the property I worked so hard to earn? That scoundrel Brimstow! Now the boys have robbed me. She had enough for both of us, and she won't have anything to do with me no more. Everybody is against me, even you Harry," he sobbed, with alcoholic fervency.

"You've always been a smart man, Josiah," said White coldly, "but I guess this time you were too smart. You cut yourself with the razor you had honed for your wife. Off to bed you go. You've had enough," and he led the weeping Josiah to his chamber.

The girls Josiah had so contemned were his salvation. The boys yielded to their appeals to honour and decency, and retained the farms under a new contract providing for an annuity to Josiah and his wife. But in grasping at all, Josiah lost much; he lost his watch and his wife who was adamantine in her determination to have no more to do with him.

Mr. Josiah Ogletree bought a ticket for the West, and it is reported has made much money in real estate. There are compensations in life. However, this fact is not mentioned as pointing the moral, if any such there be, in this tale of the love of a woman and a man who had outlived the illusions of callow but ever glorious youth.

THE GRAND STAND ATTRACTIONS ARE UNUSUALLY GOOD

WHAT THE WEST CAN SHOW

BY JOHN ARBUTHNOTTE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE is living now in the West an old lady who, as a child, saw Fulton's first steamboat go up the Hudson, and afterward saw the first train make its first trip over the first rails laid on this continent. In the eighteen nineties, at an electrical exhibition, this same old lady saw the original steam locomotive shown as a venerable relic, side by side with the latest electric car—and last year, she saw an airship. Thus in less than a single century, it was given one individual to see the be-

THE EXHIBITION OF HORSES COULD NOT BE EXCELLED

THE WEST IS BEGINNING TO MANUFACTURE ITS OWN MACHINERY

ginnings of four tremendous epochs, and the full development of three

People who have lived but one-third that span in the western provinces may go to the Winnipeg Exhibition and see in that one place a sight having as much significance under present century conditions as all these four had in the last. Many a man who broke the prairie sod in Manitoba or elsewhere on the western plains will stand before evidences of a progress that elsewhere and in other times would have taken hundreds of years. The exhibition of horses, cattle, sheep and swine, western products of the fields and of the arts that go with agrarian life, could not be excelled in quality by any of the older countries, not even in Europe In things accomplished, it will show such

MEN WILL STAND BEFORE EVIDENCES OF A PROGRESS THAT ELSEWHERE WOULD HAVE TAKEN HUNDREDS OF YEARS

THE EXHIBITION RACES ARE ALWAYS THE PREMIER LIGHT HARNESS EVENT

mighty achievements as never before were crowded into the infancy of a wide nation These things have come so insensibly and as matters of course that such a grouped exhibition is necessary to impress our western people with a sense of the wonders they have wrought. It will express the optimism and celebrate the prosperity that have marked the growth of the West, and will celebrate a happy year with sports and pastimes. The exposition races always are the premier light harness events north of St. Paul and Minneapolis. This season a new track, $27,000 in prizes, and the Selkirk Futurity in the horizon, will guarantee one of the best race meets in the country's history

Truly, "out of the harvest there comes a day of rejoicing, of thanksgiving, and of merrymaking."

THE NAVASSAR LADIES' BAND IS A POPULAR ATTRACTION

Books may be had anywhere, but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason, we have provided such a deputy, through whose eyes our readers, wherever they live may look in on the most talked of play of each month, wherever it may be acted. Hugh Stuart Campbell and Grace Williamson Willett, the dramatic critic, are to perform this service Mr Campbell will contribute a portrait sketch of the leading actor or actress in each production. This month we have selected "The Family," by Robert H. Davis.—THE EDITOR.

THE FAMILY

DAVID SNEED'S low shoes were elevated to reveal very loud plaid socks. His tie cut a bright red swath across a pink and white striped shirt. From David's position on the lounge he might look through muslin-draped windows to the broken-down fence, the unkept lawn, and hollyhocks nodding at the windows. But his eyes never left the pink sheet of the newspaper in his hand while he read aloud to his father the latest race-track dope

The mother rocked gently, a huge basket of plaid socks in her lap "Wouldn't it be a good deal better to stop the gambling in *sure* things and turn a little money into the family?" she suggested at last.

"But this is so easy, mother," protested John Sneed

"I'm getting tired of it," she continued, in the same gentle tone. "We can live and be comfortable on your salary if you'll only stop playing the horses. David is growing up with nothing on his mind but this miserable race track stuff. Neither of you ever won a bet in your lives. And it's my belief that nine-tenths of the horses mentioned in the papers don't even exist."

David sat upright "Well, can you beat that!"

Mary threaded her needle. "You can't beat them and you'd better stop trying."

Ruth, rushing tempestuously into the room with a parcel, overturned a pile of David's cherished race-track clippings. In a moment David flared into boyish anger. Mary's soothing voice quieted him with soft reproach.

"David, you should remember always that Ruth is only a child. She is your sister, as is Madeline. We are one family, one and inseparable. We all have our weaknesses None of us is perfect. We must stand by one another in sickness or in health, in riches or in poverty. There is no bulwark like the family. Though we are all weak separately, together we have strength Some day you will understand these things better. Some day you will appreciate the majesty of tolerance, of forgiveness. We must cling each to each. Your father is of my heart. My children are of my blood. We must love one another "

David nodded impulsively as he sauntered out to the verandah. "I'm on!"

"Your mother's right, Dave," said John

Mary gathered her mending together and arose. In the doorway leading to the kitchen she paused "And, merely by way of suggestion, a little less race horse in the Sneed family may help some."

John stared in fat astonishment at her retreating form. He was still mopping his perplexed forehead when Madeline entered from the kitchen. A checked apron concealed the pretty plumpness of her figure

"I want to talk with you, father. I'll sit here at your feet. There is so much to say to you."

"What in particular worries you now?" fondly

"I'm tired of this town."

"Well, who isn't? I've been tired of it for thirty years"

"Yes, but you're obliged to stay here. There isn't any other place for you to go You don't even dream about anything else It's different with me. I hear nothing, nothing but the bees buzz, buzz, buzz, in the summer and the wind in the bare trees in the winter. The clang of the church bell across the town is a dirge. The trees even are stupid in their regular rows I see the same faces I hear constantly the same voices. How I loathe it all! I want to get away. I want to see something else, something new, something different!"

"Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere," desperately.

"Who with?"

"Anybody!" recklessly.

"Madeline!" in horror.

She continued hurriedly: "I'm sick of making jams and jellies all summer. I'm disgusted with sewing and sweeping and scrubbing and slaving. What is life under such a strain? Was I made for such drudgery? Am I to have no youth, no girlhood?"

Mary, entering, saw the reflection of the storm on both the flushed faces. "What has happened, father? Surely something has gone wrong. I can see it in Madeline's eyes."

"You tell her, Madge, just what you told me."

Madeline faced her mother resolutely. "I am tired of being a drudge, weary of this never-ending, thankless toil of the household. None of you seem to understand me. The past is nothing but labor, the present nothing but repetition of all that's already gone, the future is hopeless"

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campb...
HENRY DONNELLY
As John Sneed in "The Family"

The mother-heart, quick to respond to every sudden need, recognized unexpected maturity in this daughter whom they all had considered a child "Yes, I too feel something of that. I, too lie weary upon my pillows, but there is no alternative We come into this world of sorrows and disappointments to toil. That is the price we pay for being. Where one idles a thousand must labor. Even so, Madeline, life has its blessings."

Madeline raised her eyes hopelessly· "What are they? Where are they? When do they come to us?"

"What are they? They are our children, our hopes, our good deeds, our homes. Where are they? They are here about us, they are in our hearts, they are in the past, they are our memories. When do they come? When we are worthy to receive them, when we are prepared to care for them, when we are able to understand. Then and then only. Not before."

Madeline turned away. "And to some they never come."

"Yes, to some they never come But *they* are unworthy."

Madeline clasped her hands painfully

together. "Cannot they be hastened? Cannot they be brought nearer by our going to them?"

"No. Patience, my child. They may be near us when we do not know. All in good time. Only God can tell."

David burst into the room. He had been down town, investigating the new minstrel show that had arrived that day. "Say," he addressed the Family, "Paul Churchill, the main guy of the minstrels, is coming to call. His father used to know dad—maybe he'll give us some passes—he's going to lead the parade past the house—got one of those bearskin toppers on. He'll just about kill Madge when he shows up. He's a cuckoo, you bet!"

Ruth, Mary and John rushed to the windows. The approaching music of the parade began to blare in crescendo.

Madeline unfastened her apron with nervous joy. "Thank heaven," she thought, "I'll get a glimpse of some people who weren't born here!"

The minstrel parade came into view. A magnificent, six-foot drum-major led them. Immediately in front of the Sneed house he halted, and at the conclusion of the music came up the path and into the house to shake hands

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell
MABEL BURT
As "Mother" in "The Family"

"I just dropped in to pay my respects and to invite your family to the performance to-night," he said, completely aware of the commotion his presence caused in the simple household. In a somewhat impressive manner Churchill unbuttoned his gold-braided coat and secured a pass pad from his inside pocket. "Ah! there are five in the family! And what a charming family! By the way, Miss Madeline," he looked at her in obvious admiration, "haven't you some young gentleman friend whom you would like to include in the party?"

Madeline, wonderingly absorbing his grandeur, answered disjointedly, "No, thank you. There is no one in this town I care anything about. I'll be there myself. I'm very much obliged to you."

She dropped her gaze before his steady admiration. The band in front of the house began to play. Ruth, Mary, John and Dave moved involuntarily to the door.

Paul softly approached Madeline. "Of course I shall see you again to-night. Really I must, you know."

Madeline glanced shyly at him. "Surely you will. But we haven't known each other very long, have we?"

Paul laughed boyishly. "That's nothing. Our fathers have been friends for thirty years. Why not you and I?"

Flutteringly she changed the subject, trembling with emotions that rose responsive to the ardor in his face. "You forgot your baton." She handed it to him.

Churchill took one of Madeline's hands gently in his as he bent and kissed the other. It was over in an instant. Madeline clasped her hand over the burning imprint his lips had made. Churchill, without a backward glance, joined his band in the street.

David, at the window, blew a thin trail of smoke toward his sister, with tantalizing slowness. "Does he look good to you, Madge?"

Madge averted her face sharply: "Yes! *Any* new face looks good to me."

* * * * * * *

A marcel wave, a tailored skirt, a delicate waist, can change a pretty country girl into a stylish woman. Madeline Sneed surveyed

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell
FLORENCE FISHER
As Madeline in "The Family"

the transformation in the mirror of her bedroom at the Springfield Hotel. And yet the sight did not startle and gratify her as it had done for the past two weeks since the night she left the Family so abruptly

In another moment Churchill would bring David and her father to the room Churchill had promised to play his part well, to act as though the delayed marriage ceremony were already properly performed. He had forgiven her to that extent for her letter informing the Family of their whereabouts

David entered blandly. A panama hat was stuck tight to his head, his trousers flared, his collar reached his ears John Sneed and Churchill came together affably.

"So she married *you*!" said David. "Well, can you beat that. Say, Paul, how about the race track here? Anything doing to-day?"

"Bother the race track," cried Madge, from John's breast, where they were petting each other like children "I haven't seen father for two weeks and I want him to spend the afternoon with me "

"Fade away, Mrs Churchill, fade away " drawled Dave. "There she goes. Oh, my-o! You'll get yours, too, Paul. Ain't it great the way they swell up and begin talking like a section boss just as soon as they get the handcuffs on some man? No wedding bells for me. None whatever."

"Don't you worry, Dave, you'll get bit some day," laughed John.

"Say, do I look like one of them guys? Not me. If I ever get married it will be on a bet "

John surveyed the smiling group with the comfortable importance of a man who is about to bestow the secret of complete happiness. Since Madge's letter had reached the Family and they were certain of her lawful marriage, he had been as frolicsome as a boy. "What is the most welcome piece of news that could come to you right now?'

David looked interested "That Jeff will fight Johnson."

"Dry up." John was disgusted. "I've got a piece of news that can't be beat. Your mother is coming and by the next train '

Madeline swayed, clutched the window-frame, and stared at Paul with terror in her face. The results of her letter were accruing

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell
EDITH SPRAGUE
As Ruth in ' The Family'

fast—the letter that was meant simply to assuage the Family's uncertainty. For the first time in her life she had been forced to look into her father's face and deceive him. She had thought lies and spoken lies But she had deceived him *successfully*. In her mother's presence nothing would save her. Nothing could mar her mother's vision. In her heart, in her very soul, she would feel the truth, the terrible, accusing, unpardonable truth.

Churchill, quick to discern the emotions flitting across her face and anxious to give her an opportunity to adjust herself to the forthcoming ordeal, suggested that they two should go to the station to meet Mrs. Sneed.

"Madge don't look happy to me," said David, as the door closed behind her

John stretched his newspaper in both hands comfortably. "She'll be allright after she sees her mother."

But it so happened that Churchill and Madge, absorbed in their difficulties, missed Mrs. Sneed at the station. Dave and John, eager to use their vacation from home to advantage, descended to the pool room. And thus it came about that when Madge returned to her room she found her mother waiting for her—alone

Madge gave a startled cry when she saw her and hid her face in her hands.

Mary extended her loving arms. "Come!"

Madge ran to her mother and clinging to her, sobbed convulsively

Mary patted her shoulders. "Have a good cry. And then dry your eyes and tell me everything that is in your heart. We never understood you. How could we, Madge? You seemed always to have been a little girl. But you were a woman and we did not know."

"I did not know how dear you were to me until I had gone. Will you forgive me?"

"Hush. You have our forgiveness and our blessing It is to-day and the future that must occupy your mind—your husband. You are no longer one of five. You are the beginning of a family. The time has come for you to undertake those responsibilities. Your being has found its mate. To-day you are a bride."

Madge turned away her face guiltily. She clutched at her heart while her mother, utterly unconscious of the storm raging in Madge's bosom, continued: "Dry those tears. There is so much else for you to think about. Be brave. Some day you will be, as I am, with the blessing of God, a mother And your children will cling to you, as have mine, until it is destined that they shall leave you. And then you must look calmly upon it and pray for their happiness. There is no other way, Madge."

"Don't! Don't! You're killing me. You are telling me more than I should know. Let it come to me with the years. Let me stay back awhile with my illusions. Hold me near you, near the Family, *our Family*."

"It shall be as you wish To-day you are unstrung. But the sky will clear and all will be bright and life will be beautiful."

"Oh! I should have trusted you more. The thought of my ingratitude hurts to my very heart. I received his letters. They consumed me."

"And they won you away from us. But that is life and love."

Madge raised her head from her mother's breast. "Wait, mother, hear me. And so, longing to be free, to set behind me the intolerable torture of that narrow, stuffy, hated village, I fled to him."

"And you promised to be his 'lawful wedded wife—to love, honor and obey until death'. Yes, Madge, those are the very words. 'And with this ring'——"

Madge gasped and stood as one paralyzed. Mary looked at her left hand. She caught her breath, and with a supreme effort steadied herself. "Where is it? Madge, Madge!"

Madge swayed. "Let me go I can't look at you. Let me go. I don't want to look into your face."

Mary grasped her hand tightly "Whose face then can you look into?"

"None. You are hurting me."

"Your wounds are not so deep as mine." She held Madge desperately. "I cannot let you go. I am your mother. You are my flesh and blood. You need me now. I shall not fail you. Come to me." She drew her closer, with physical hunger in her old face

Madge raised her weary, miserable eyes, and for the first time looked straight into her mother's face. "Can you take me to you again? I am—not—his wife "

"Oh, my God!" For a moment her strength was overcome. Then her arms closed around Madeline who sank upon her breast. "You are still *my child*. And I am your mother. We will go home, Madge. Come. We shall all go home together."

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

JOHN WESTLY

As David Sneed in The Family

With keen decision of action she insisted that Madeline put on her hat at once.

While Mary waited, David entered.

Mary held out her hands in glad relief. "David, I need you, now. I am in trouble. We must take Madge home with us right now. Do you understand me, David, do you?"

"What'll Churchill say? He's her husband and you can't beat that. If he says nix, it's nix."

"Well, it isn't nix this time, David. Madge is going home with us to stay She hasn't any other place to go."

"That's what I told Dad. These minstrel men ain't got no homes. When the season closes, I suppose we'll have Mr. Nickel-Stick boardin' with us free of charge."

"No, David," firmly. "Madge will never see him again."

"Oh, she won't. Then he has thrown her?"

Mary looked fixedly at him. In her strange, unwavering gaze he read the truth. "I'm on. I'm on. They ain't married. He's ruined her. By God, I'll kill him."

He started for the door. Mary clung to him. "No, no, no. Not that, my boy. You shan't stain your hands with human blood."

"Yes, I will. I'll shoot the dog while he's leadin' the parade I'll take him by the throat with my naked hands and kill him in front of all the people. Then I'll beat his head into a pulp with his baton. Let me go!"

He tried to wrench himself from her.

"David," she cried, "it is me you will kill Two wrongs don't make one right. You will only make a terrible scandal through which I cannot live. God will take care of him"

David relaxed. Boyish tears filled his eyes

"Promise me you will do nothing, David, swear it. Give me your word of honor. Do this much for me."

"Whatever you say, ma. But it's askin' a good deal of me. The damned dirty whelp! Isn't anything goin' to happen to him? What'll Dad say?"

"He'll know in good time. I shall tell him in my own way. It must all be left to me."

Her arms closed about David's shoulders She raised her face as if in supplication. "Oh, my children, my children."

* * * * * * *

It was afternoon a week later.

David, in a flannel shirt, his arms and neck burned, was cutting the fingers from a pair of old gloves, as he stood in the sitting room near Mary. Some subtle change in the boy wrought by that bare contact with the tragic seriousness of life, gave energy and purpose to his expression.

"This lawn-mowing gag puts the blisters on your hands to beat the band. But I've cleaned up an acre of grass in the last three days—which ain't so rotten, considering I never shaved a front yard before in my life"

Mary rocked and mended. "I'm so glad, David, that you are not disappointed in your work. I didn't believe you would stick to it when you began"

"I wasn't stuck on the idea myself. But I had to begin some time. Keep your eye skinned on Dave, the grass-chopping king and you'll see the Sneed homestead begin to look like white folks lived here. I've quit clippin' dope sheets, too. Nothin' in it. Spent a lot of valuable time readin' the race track stuff when I could be doin' somethin' worth while around the yard."

He looked at Mary beamingly. "Say, I'm goin' to work Monday for Abe Cohn in the Gents' Outfittin' Emporium and Hardware Store at ten a week. He's been after me to come in behind the counter fer nearly a year. And I took him up last night."

"Did you, David?" proudly. "I am very happy to hear it. I knew that you had it in you and that at the right time it would show itself."

He pressed her shoulder with impulsive boyish fondness that burst forth only to withdraw at once to its hiding place. "Say, ma, half of that ten-spot comes to you every week."

He turned quickly away. Headlines on the newspaper on the table caught his attention. He smoothed the sheet nervously. Then he clutched it frantically. "Damn him!" he cried. "He's got his! He's got his!"

Mary arose in quick alarm. "What's the matter, David?"

He read aloud a spectacular notice of Paul Churchill's death in a railway accident. "It's come, ma. He got it good, the yellow dog.. Killed, killed, killed! He's dead.

You had it right. 'God will take care of him.' And now he's out of the way. Thank you, God! Thank you!"

Mary watched him tear the paper frenziedly into bits. Then she said steadily "Never speak of him again, my boy. Put the whole awful thing behind you We must look forward. He has passed."

They heard John's comfortable voice in the doorway. "You look like a candidate for County Clerk on the labor ticket. Didn't think it was in you, Dave." Then to Mary, as he sank into an easy chair, "Well, mother, seems like old times to have Madge back with us "

Dave shot a searching glance at his mother He retreated hastily to the lawn

Mary put the mending basket on the table. "It is much better for Madge to be here, I think '

"Why, what do you mean by that?"

"Paul will not return to us."

"Who says so? Why won't he return? She's his, isn't she? Answer me that. She's his?"

Mary took his hand. "Father, we have lived together for twenty-five years. During all that time I have never asked you to do a thing against your will. But I ask it now. Madeline is not *his*. She is *ours*."

"What was she doing those two weeks she was away? By God, you'll tell me that!"

"She was dying of shame."

"Is that why you brought her back from Springfield so hurriedly that afternoon? Then there was no mar—"

"Madeline is still ours. Just that and nothing more."

' I'll drive her from the house."

"Then you will drive me with her, John Sneed. We will go together. The blow fell hardest upon *me*. Let him who is without guilt cast the first stone. I have forgiven her. No chiding word has crossed my lips. Not one syllable of rebuke shall I utter against her as long as I live. *I* forgive her. *You* shall forgive her. We must *all* forgive her '

John groped for Mary's hand. Suddenly he gave way and embraced her convulsively. "Mary, Mary, you are the heart of the Family. I forgive. Send her to me."

"Sh! She is coming. Take her in your arms, to your heart. Hold her there. Keep the Family together. God bless you "

Madeline entered the room happily. The fresh country air had brought back her soft, innocent expression. Quiet, deep joy glowed in her beautiful eyes.

She put her arms fondly around her father's neck. "How beautiful all the world is. How splendid to be home again with you. I could not endure to be away again."

He held her away from him a moment. She read full understanding and love in his face.

Then, with a little choking cry, she threw herself into his arms. And in that close embrace the past was set aside forever

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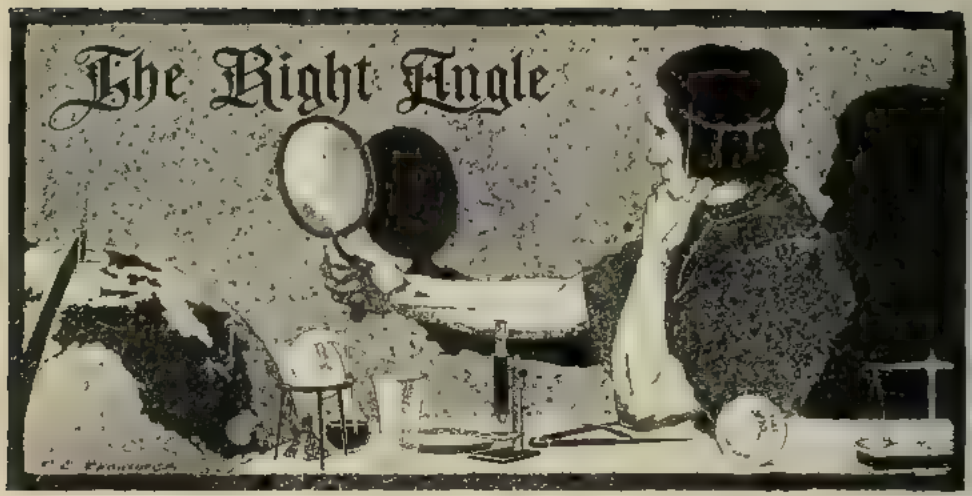
The broad yellow glow of the evening lamp made a cheerful circle of light for the group. The light shone on Mary's spectacles as she mended and made a pale cameo of Ruth's face upturned to absorb the fairy story Madeline was telling her. At the doorway the yellow lamp glow faintly ended In the silver moonshine flooding the verandah sat John and Dave, rocking in unison, side by side, their feet on the verandah rail, their cigar smoke quivering upward.

AMBITION

BY EDWIN BALMER

THOUGH I could find the land where dreams come true,
And live in my great castles built in Spain,
Though sun, moon, stars and all their retinue
Of worlds were mine, would I not cry again
For something yet beyond ?



AN ARISTOCRACY OF IDEALITY

IN CURIOUS distinction with the outlook of the typical railway president as he is known in the States, is the view of life and money matters expressed by Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. On his way home from a meeting of directors of the Soo line, Sir Thomas stopped at Detroit, where a *Free Press* man interviewed him. Pointing out the difference in the standards of living between Canada and the United States, Sir Thomas said that, while the Canadian likes to "make money for his needs, for his luxuries even, he does not enter into it to the exclusion of every other interest, like the American money maker. He finds time for recreation and relaxation and for cultivating other sides of him than the money making faculty. When he has amassed what he considers a sufficient sum he stops to enjoy his life and the fruits of his labors."

J. A. MCNEIL

Dramatic editor of the Toronto "Mail and Empire" whose story "Shades of the Wee" appears in this issue of CANADA WEST MONTHLY

Then he touched upon the most pathetic side of newly-built up wealth. "What I deplore most of all," said he, "is the effect that many of these huge fortunes have upon the children of those who have struggled and suffered to acquire them. I mean the self-satisfied, snobbish complacency with which the sons of great millionaires regard life. They seem to think they owe the world nothing, and to revel in the fact of their riches, taking it for granted that they have no duties and no responsibilities other than the spending of money. Character and individuality worth anything are formed only through effort and the conquering of obstacles, but these scions of wealthy houses have no incentive to effort and the result is lamentable."

This is the truth plainly spoken, upon which is postulated a conclusion devoutly to be wished for, but

doubtful realization in the States or even in Canada, in these hurly-burly days. "I do not believe in the aristocracy of dollars. If there must be an aristocracy, let it be of brain, refinement and work. Let it be above all else an aristocracy of well-directed useful conscientious work."

south, east and west have each contributed their quota and Canada, the youngest nation of them all, has not been lacking in her representation among these great ones of the world.

We have been especially fortunate in our Canadian singers. Latest, and one of the

MISS EDITH J. MILLER

A PRIMA DONNA OF THE PLAINS

ART is not confined within geographical limits. No one country has a monopoly of the supply of the world's great artists in music, painting or literature. North and

highest among these in power, temperament, purity of tone, perfection of method and unusual vocal range, is Miss Edith J. Miller, now touring the country in concert work. Miss Miller was born at Portage la Prairie

and began her musical training in the Toronto Conservatory of Music, afterward studying under the two foremost exponents of voice culture in Europe, Madame Marchesi and Sir Paolo Tosti.

Returning to Canada to make her debut, Miss Miller was at once hailed as a new star in the firmament of music, and after a series of successful appearances here, she went back to Europe to duplicate her triumphs there. At a concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society at which the King was present, His Majesty sent for Miss Miller and personally complimented her, not only upon that performance but upon the recognition she had won among the great singers and musical authorities of London. The same season Miss Miller gave a concert under the patronage of T. R. H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, at which were present also Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, the Earl and Countess of Minto, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, and Lord and Lady Strathcona. The critics throughout the entire United Kingdom and afterward in the continental capitals were warm in her praise, accepting her as one of the great artists of this new generation.

Miss Miller's voice is of that rare sort which includes full utterance of the deepest contralto tones as well as the high notes of a dramatic soprano. It is called contralto, but in reality it is a mezzo, rich in feeling and capable of the most delicate shades of meaning. Behind it lies a fine power of thought; and her control is of that absolute kind which seems unconscious of itself.

One of Miss Miller's most pronounced characteristics is her loyalty to her native land. On the continent, in the United States or at home, she is invariably billed as the "Canadian contralto" and always her preference is for the thing "made in Canada." This preference extends even to her choice of a piano, for Miss Miller uses one of the best-known Canadian instruments at all her concerts, declaring that for brilliancy of execution and the mellow richness and sympathetic, singing quality of tone so necessary to successful accompaniments, no piano can compare with this product of a little town in Ontario.

A country that synchronously advances along the whole line of material development and the heights of art shows the quality native to its people, and justifies their title in the heritage of all the ages. The farmer and the merchant may well raise their hands from the mower and the desk, not in wonder, but in pleased salutation of this sister in the arts, whose voice rings so clear in the audit of the world.

JUMBO CATTLE FROM ALBERTA.

IF THIS is what Alberta grasses will do for steers, what would be the result with elephants? A steer raised thirty miles north of Gleichen and shown at the Alaska-Pacific-Yukon Exposition is easily the biggest thing of its kind Western Canada has yet produced. This steer is a four-year-old, and stands six feet high. It is eleven feet two inches long, and weighs 2,680 pounds. With the easy life of an exhibit it is growing still heavier, at a rate that promises to attain 3,500 pounds by the end of the season. The owners have refused $4,000 for it, because they intend to keep it in the show business by touring the States with it after the Exposition closes.

There is record of a shipment of fifty-one cattle from Gleichen to Dawson City last May, that averaged 1,555 pounds each. If that proportion were worked out in elephants, there would be no room for anything else.

FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

WHOEVER can charm a child with a story, has a gift of deeper insight and a truer touch in nature, and goes to a wider—possibly in some ways a wiser—public than the writer of novels for "grown-ups" may ever show or hope for. It is a gift so rare that the most luminous examples are about as few as they are famous. CANADA WEST is fortunate in being able to promise a series of child-stories of the kind that nobody will ever grow too old to enjoy. They were written by Mrs. Helen Clark Balmer, and like "Alice," they were addressed to a small audience of real children. There are only a half dozen of them, but each is a jewel in its way and while they do not form a connected series, they will have a united appeal. The first will appear in the August number.

"SAE LANG AT THE FAIR"

"IS your wife wi' ye?" asked the Lanarkshire man of the man frae Midlothian, when they met in Sauchiehall Street.

"Naw," said the Midlothian man, "Ah'm in Glasigie the noo for plaisure."

But other longitudes, other latitudes. Over here the view differs, and all Alberta will bring his wife and his children to the Alberta Provincial Exhibition, to be held in

THE MAIN BUILDING AT THE CALGARY FAIR

Calgary, from the fifth to the tenth of this month. There will be something for everyone, even the little ones, and many families will travel many miles by wagon to see the horses run and hear the Navassar women's band play.

It will be a big holiday, spun out through almost a week, and one of the most interesting and valuable grain and produce exhibitions ever held in the West. Live stock will be a feature strong enough to draw not only the farmers all over the province, but breeders from the States and eastern Canada. The exhibition this year will cost $60,000, and $25,000 will be awarded in purses and prizes. The historical pageant is promised to excel that of last year, which was really fine. The Association has shown much energy and good judgment in arranging the program, and credit may be freely given in advance of the event, to Sheriff Van Wart, the president, and to Secretary Richardson, for their untiring energy in supervising the preparations.

THE INDIAN RACES AT THE FAIR

LINES TO AN HEIRESS

I DO not want a motor car;
I do not want a yacht;
I do not pine to roam afar
And over Europe trot.
I do not seek rare works of art.
Beloved, it is true,
The only object of my heart
Is You,
You,
You!

For when I've got you, don't you see
These other things will come;
For in the line of £ s. d.
You've got a tidy sum.
For all these luxuries I'll wait—
Yacht, travel, motor, too—
Till I shall dwell in blissful state
With You,
You,
You!

HIS ELECTRIC BELL

ONE day last week Mr. Jason Jerolomon, a householder in Rosedale, finding that it would cost him $15 to have an electric door bell installed in his dwelling, decided to put it in himself and save money.

He bought his outfit at a department store, devoted the greater part of the day to locating his dry batteries, stringing his insulated wire, and fastening up the bell and bell push, carefully following the instructions given him by the salesgirl at the store.

"Now," he said, after completing the job, "I'll show you that this will work as well as anybody's electric door bell."

It did.

A NIGHTMARE

"I SAW a perfect dream of a hat to-day," said Mrs. Musthavit.

"Well, just remember that you are no sleeping beauty," replied Musthavit, who was in an ugly mood.

DISCRETION

PHOTOGRAPHER—Great Scott, man! Can't you look a little more cheerful?

Mr. H. Enpeck—No, sir! Not for this picture! I'm to send it to my wife, who is away on a visit, and if I looked too cheerful she'd take the first train for home!

A BRILLIANT ONE

THE most successful stepping stone to matrimony is a diamond.

THE BRIDGE FIEND

A MAN gets mad at his wife if she can't play whist as well as he does, but a good deal madder if she can play it better.

UNFIT FOR PUBLICATION

TOMMY—Pop, a man is a bachelor until he gets married, isn't he?

Tommy's Pop—Yes, my son.

Tommy—And what does he call himself afterward?

Tommy's Pop—I'd hate to tell you, my son.

STUNG

"DON'T you just love to see the birds soar?" asked the romantic girl.

"Yes," replied the man with the swollen cheek, "but I hate to see the bees sore."